



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last year attention was called in this column to the everlasting din and racket kept up by the various organ and piano exhibitors in showing off their wares in the so-called music pavilion at the Fair. Last year criticism was reserved until the Fair was over, but as the same objectionable features are being repeated it is just as well to enter protest at an earlier stage of the show. It may be still possible for the directors to organize what might be a charming feature out of what is now but little better than pandemonium. I imagine that the gentlemen who manufacture the instruments that are lacerating the ears of the public would like to make the most of their opportunities, and they certainly ought to understand that this is not done by hiring piano pounders to work at their trade from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night. Last year it was unsafe to approach the pavilion unless one's ears were filled with cotton batting. No musical instruments of merit can be exhibited in an atmosphere as frightfully surcharged with sound as a boiler factory, and if anyone is to reap benefit all the exhibitors should agree to be more moderate in their performances. The public, too, should have some rights in the matter, for I am sure that many people come to the Fair with the idea of hearing the tone qualities of various makes of pianos and organs properly tested. I can conceive of no more delightful part of a day's entertainment on the Fair grounds than listening to talented artists playing their best selections on the best instruments made by the various manufacturers. A regular programme of some sort might be arranged by mutual consent of the manufacturers and musical order evolved from the present chaos of sound. It is strange that the directors of the Exhibition have not taken a hand in this matter; they are always ready to add to the attractiveness of the Fair, and they must understand that the more cultured public expect the musical features to be regulated. Perhaps the crowd who are on the lookout for the monkey and the organ enjoy the din, but they can find pleasure elsewhere.

As a matter of advertising the manufacturers should see the advantage of something entirely different from the present ear-splitting performances. Presumably they take their instruments to the Exhibition to show their skill in designing and the fine finish which can be imparted by artistic workmen. By all means seize upon the public and exhibit the tone of your instruments to every enquirer; take them into the innermost recesses of your enclosures and show them by all the powers of your persuasive eloquence that the musical qualities of this or that instrument are precisely what they are looking for, and without its possession happiness will be denied them in this world and possibly effect a reduction of bliss in the world to come. All this can be done without any of the din of which complaint is made. The magnificent display of instruments which is undeniably made might be utilized as an educational influence, as a means of elevating public taste as well as increasing the opportunities to sell pianos and organs. Then why not ask of the manufacturers and of the directors if this thing should not be organized into the most agreeable as well as the most profitable section of the Exhibition?

The other day I heard the expression used, "old women's talk," and as I hadn't anything else to do as the trolley bumped along except move my legs and let someone climb over my knees as we occasionally picked up or dropped a passenger, "I fell to thinking," as ruminative philosophers say, whether old women have any special style of conversation or special subjects of discussion peculiar to their age and sex. Old people, we know, are very apt to live in the past as young folks live in the future, and the narrower and harder the road that runs back from age to youth the more personal and trivial the reminiscences are sure to become. The majority of old ladies that I have heard recounting their experiences were country folk and dealt largely with births, deaths and marriages. The horizon of their little lives was limited by their own short journeyings. The sky was overcast when Mary's baby had trouble with its teeth; the earth trembled when Hiram's wife had a fit; the very sun itself was darkened when John Henry's wife lost her twins. Chronologically the world's dates and the calendar of public events were to be found in the register of the parish church, varied slightly by terrible times when the chicken-pox was so bad and relieved by references to the scandalous conduct of Deacon Smith, who ran away with Mrs. Pottifer, "that used to be Susan Jones."

The old men who used to make me wonder what had turned the earth backwards located everything by means of the first brick house that was put up in the neighborhood, the cold New Year's day, the weevil in the wheat and the advent of caterpillars. Occasionally someone spoke of the rebellion of '37, but good times and hard times always had some similarity to the "Rooshan" war and the depression which followed it. If times were good, fears were always expressed that the crisis must necessarily be at hand, "like it was after the Rooshan war," and if times were bad, causes similar to those succeeding the building of the Grand Trunk were alleged as the reason. In a cross-road grocery store twenty-five years ago I saw intense excitement and indignation caused by a young man telling a lot of old croakers that they talked like a "passel of old

women." Yet I am tempted to bring the same charge against some "old heads" in Toronto who refuse to see any prospects of the betterment of our affairs. Like the old codgers who used to gather around the stove in the village grocery, they are forever harping on the "Rooshan" war, the building of the Grand Trunk, the collapse of real estate booms and the ruin of all those concerned. The majority of these croakers, who object to every suggestion made by the more youthful and enterprising, are untraveled and unobservant of anything except the rents they receive and the taxes they pay. Because they have not noticed it they refuse to believe that steam and electrical devices have re-created the world and that time and industrial inventions have left them far in the rear. They insist on their methods being adopted and deny anyone who did not make or lose money during the "Rooshan" war or the building of the Grand Trunk, a right to have an opinion.

More than one institution in this country and in this city is run by a "passel of old women" who seem to meet together for no other purpose than to talk about things that happened once but which could never happen again. They believe that the world must bump along over the same old stumps and strike the same old rocks, ignoring the fact that it is practically revolving on a new

axis and in a new orbit. They believe that times would be good if wheat got back to a dollar a bushel and taxes to five or six mills on the dollar, but outside of these improbable occurrences they see nothing but penury for themselves and disaster for other people. Any large scheme for attracting industrial enterprises and population is at once condemned as only likely to hasten the day of doom, and as age and experience are both worthy of respect and are sometimes respected out of due proportion to their worth, these commercial old women are very effective in destroying public confidence.



THE NEW VOLUNTEERS' MONUMENT.

To be erected in memory of those killed and wounded in the North West Rebellion of 1885.

We have plenty of them here in Toronto and I am getting tired hearing them talk. Had they given us their advice seven or eight years ago they might have averted a very disastrous boom, or if they did give it and it was disregarded its repetition now is of no value; we have had our medicine and it has

really come to the people to the south of us. Not only has it been demonstrated that we are not commercially at their mercy or likely to be forced into liquidation when they can't pay, but that we can go on progressing and obtaining reputation as a people for commercial stability while they are on the ragged edge of ruin. The cry of hard times came from the South, and now that the people there are more hopeful and their finance and tariff matters more settled, Canadians are also becoming more cheerful. It only needed some little thing to lift us out of the doleful dumps, and the little thing has been given us. With the return of public confidence people will buy more liberally, merchants sell more generously, and the nimble dollar will go spinning from one to another, possibly without enriching anybody, but making everyone feel that the dollar which has just been passed along is not the only one in the world. It is to be hoped that everyone will talk more cheerfully and that

the municipal and commercial Mrs. Gumbridge will not be everlastingly sighing after the "old un."

On a rainy morning when open street cars are in use the question of women's rights assumes a phase which I would like to discuss with Mrs. Susan B. Anthony. You will have observed that no general rule of conduct has been laid down for such an emergency. The individual man acts as he sees fit towards the individual woman. The seats are all flooded with water and the man who first enters the car looks about in disgust but finally plumps down on the moist boards and absorbs the rain from an eighteen-inch space of surface. At the next street another man comes aboard and goes through the same manoeuvre. Other passengers scatter about the car, and at length two women get in opposite our two friends, and the dilemma presents itself. What is the masculine duty of the occasion? There is plenty of room for the women, but shall the men get up and give them the places which they have rendered dry and proceed to

air, if all women were ladies, but it is humiliating to find after one has performed this service that on leaving the car the results of it are viewed by some of the befriended females as fit cause for mirth. A man who performs that service is one of the humble and unassuming heroes of life and should be so regarded. But I incline to the idea that it is the masculine duty to be heroic in such a situation unless one of two alternatives be adopted. The first of these is that every gentleman ere leaving home on a wet morning should squeeze a large bath sponge into his pocket, to be produced on the car if need be. The second (and this will find more general favor and will no doubt be adopted on the earliest occasion) is to stop the car, seize the conductor, plump him down into the first seat and push him along, slide him back on the next, and so on. To save time, the motorman might be similarly utilized at the front of the car, the two bands of passengers working rapidly towards the center. This would occasion small delay and dispose of a troublesome point of etiquette. The men have no union worth mentioning, and as they have to buy their clothes from the company we need fear no expostulations from that quarter. The solution is so simple and natural that it is strange it was not practiced long ago.

Word comes from Quebec of another miracle performed upon a humble person. This time a man suffering from an incurable disease was restored to health in one night, having happily bethought himself of invoking Monseigneur Laval, "who has been declared venerable." This dignitary was the first Bishop of Quebec, installed in 1674, and flourished in the days of Frontenac. With the P. P. A. on one side and these Roman Catholic ghost invaders on the other, there seems nothing for a sane man to do but to stand aside and let them at each other. What is the use of endeavoring to fuse the creeds into a harmonious nationality when one party is denying the other civil rights, and in return is regaled with accounts of how some saint's toe is performing miracles in Quebec? If we could only escape the past we might come to an understanding or at least to a state of tolerant disagreement. But the past is bigger than the present. Both parties to this eternal row are out with spades, digging up the years and centuries for lost causes of animosity. One side deifies the politician of Orange and substitutes his proclamations for the sacred epistles of Paul. The other exalts to sainthood all the long dead priests who were too shrewd to permit contemporary records to inform posterity how poorly human they were, and their alleged graves are plundered in search of saintly toes, fingers, wish-bones, and other efficacious fragments where-with miracles are wrought. Now that Monseigneur Laval has been tasted, as it were, and the fact demonstrated that we can grow miracle-working saints on Canadian soil, there need be no end to the industry. Indeed, it is not surprising that a sensation should be made over the present discovery, since nearly all the saints of Europe have been piece-mealed and distributed until the supply must be pretty well exhausted. The market has been replenished at what, in profane judgment, must be regarded as an opportune time. Alarm was recently occasioned among the heretical by accounts of the very small pieces into which a certain sacred ankle—St. Anne's, I think it was, and blush to say so—was divided. The careful and minute surgery practiced suggested an extreme scarcity of such souvenirs. But now French-Canada can begin the great work of restitution, for its store of saints has been husbanded.

It is impossible for one not educated in thralldom of such notions to show even the scantest respect for this belief in the miraculous powers vested in the bones of dead humanity. That illness exists at all must be set down, in the minds of those who have faith, as a fatal reproach to the Roman Catholic brotherhoods, which, by their own showing, could produce relics enough to drive all sickness from the earth. Professing to work miracles they are very chary about it. Of course it all depends upon the point of view, and I suppose we would eat ants if we lived in the part of the world where such is the practice, but it would surely be better to abandon the faith in miracle-working bones than to wait until it is laughed out of countenance as it is sure eventually to be.

The dense fatalism and superstition to be found in parts of Asia keep the world in constant peril of a cholera or black death plague, and any community that teaches the people to trust for health to faith or charms (such as the Protestant Faith Curists of Ontario and the Roman Catholic bone-kneasers of Quebec) is flying in the face of all mankind's experience and all the facts laid down by science. No person will now contend that the black death which almost depopulated London a few centuries ago was sent as a mark of divine displeasure. It is conceded that it was due to bad sanitation and was the penalty of filth. The Mussulman standing to-day among his dead and placidly inhaling the germs of pestilence begotten of uncleanness, calls to his God to withhold his anger, when all he needs is sense enough to cease washing in his drinking water. He would call us infidels, yet it would puzzle him to explain why the Mussulman is under God's anger while the infidel is not. If a man eats poison he will know it; if he inhales poison he will know it; be he saint or sinner. The vital organs of the body are

as material as the thumb, which when abraded may allow a liniment to assist its healing process, but which when cut off defies charms and liniments alike. It is an unjust thing for religious leaders to permit sinners alone to properly grasp the facts unearthed in the science of health. Every effort is produced by a cause, and to encourage faith in miracle-working destroys the roots of security, for it instills a contempt for cures and, unchecked, would land us where the Asiatics are.

MACK.

The New Volunteers' Monument.

We are pleased to place before our readers this week on our front page the design for the monument in memory of the volunteers who were killed and wounded in the North-West Rebellion of 1885. This design was unanimously accepted by the Volunteers' Monument Committee at a meeting held at Ontario Government House on August 2, and was submitted by Messrs. D. McIntosh & Sons, and will be executed at their Toronto works. When completed it will be an ornament to the city as well as an honor to the gallant citizen soldiers who gave up their lives for their country.

The monument will be entirely constructed of the best quality of Canadian gray granite, except the statue, which will be made of New Hampshire granite. The embellishments will be cast in bronze. On the front upper base will be a large shield bearing the Dominion coat-of-arms, and on the corners smaller shields with the names of the four engagements: Batoche, Cut Knife, Duck Lake and Fish Creek. Resting on the base will be a trophy of arms and at each corner a pile of cannon balls, while on each face of the die will be a polished panel containing the names of those killed and wounded. On the round shaft supporting the statue the crests of the different regiments engaged will be placed, with the laurel wreath of victory underneath, and surmounting all will be an imposing statue representing Canada. The monument will in all be about twenty feet high and twelve feet square at base.

Social and Personal.

Lowering after-noon made the opening of the Fair hardly as smart a function as was expected, for no one cared to wear fine clothes in such threatening weather. Everything passed off without a hitch, and the Exhibition was declared open by the Premier, Sir John Thompson, about half-past two o'clock. A very large number in the grand stand were disappointed not to hear the speeches on this occasion, but the usual things were said, and everyone knows what they ought to be. Sir John Thompson looked extremely bright and bronzed, and has evidently spent a very beneficial Muskoka holiday. In the reserved box were: The Premier, Mr. Withrow, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Frank Smith, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Foy and several others. Some of the features of the Fair are quite interesting and novel. Among other exhibits is a very fine one from the Mimico Industrial School, including tailoring, knitting, mending, bookkeeping and printing. Our artist sketched Charlie Ryckman, the tiny boy printer, who was setting type, to the great amusement of many kindly old ladies and kind fathers and sons. The idea of giving the Mimico boys an exhibit is already bearing fruit. Their band is one of those regularly engaged to play each day in that pavilion sacred to the memory of the Blue Hungarians, and the small bandmen in their smart uniforms are rather a serious and business-like set of fellows. Those citizens who so generously gave subscriptions, six years ago, to form the little piccolo and mouth organ orchestra, will be pleased to see what a monstrous oak has from a little acorn grown.

A delightful musicale and dance were given by the guests at the Arlington Hotel on Tuesday evening, in the grand salon, as a farewell to Miss Strauss, who left for New York on Wednesday, and who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Scherer, at the Arlington for the past six weeks. Those who took part in the programme were: Miss Adele Strauss, Mrs. H. Webster, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre, Miss Ida Hughes, Sig. Dolacoe, Mr. Youngheart, Mr. Webster and Mr. Adams.

The Granite Club's garden party this afternoon is to be the smartest function of early autumn. Hundreds of acceptances are in the hands of the secretary, including the names of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Sir Oliver Mowat, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks, and other prominent society people. In case the weather is not fair, no inconvenience need be anticipated, as the committee have arranged for the erection of a *marquee* of stupendous size over the lawn connecting the two rinks, which can be used in case of rain. Dancing in the curling rink to a picked Italian orchestra, a promenade concert and refresh-

ments in the skating rink, tennis and bowling matches on the lawn and a clock-room are some of the attractions arranged for. Mr. Frank Benjamin has worked like a Trojan for the success of the affair and deserves much gratitude from all. *Tete-a-tete* tables are to be set out for supper and a little bird has whispered that the hours of amusement are not to be limited to three, in fact; that the dancers may stay and dance until twelve if they wish to do so. The Lieutenant-Governor will attend at half-past four, by which time the majority of the guests should be in attendance.

The Elsmere bonfire party was a very successful affair, and the Islanders thoroughly enjoyed the *al fresco* entertainment. The number of invites was limited, but the large crowd included many chance guests as well as those who were bidden. The bicycle club spared no work or thought to ensure the pleasure of their guests. They transported a piano to the beach, where a *marquee* for refreshments was erected by their hands. The guests sat at a respectful distance from the glowing pyre, which was scientifically built and presented a very fine appearance when wrapped in flames, and an informal concert was presided over by Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet as chairman. He made a smart little speech and gave some interesting items as to how the club of which he is president had contributed towards the benefit and amusement of the Islanders. The club members appeared in full regalia and sang a couple of choruses under the direction of Mr. Tripp. Mrs. Birchall sang charmingly, and Miss Emilie Davies again pleased all her friends by a very sweetly played violin solo. Both ladies were encored. A couple of recitations by gentlemen Islanders, with some very fine choruses by an octette from the Toronto Male Chorus, completed the programme. Lemonade and cake, with other refreshments, were served by an army of volunteer waiters, who paraded about in the fantastic light in frantic endeavors to locate their lady friends and attend to their wants. Among the crowd were: Mr. and Mrs. Hebben and party, Mrs. and Miss Marion Chadwick, Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and his pretty little daughter, Miss Gladys, and hosts of others.

The unusually happy and successful season at Center Island was saddened recently by the death of Mrs. George Newman's fine little baby, after a very short illness. Mrs. Fuller was with Mrs. Newman, and everyone felt so extremely sorry for the sad loss that it cast quite a shadow over the week's gaieties. The little one was taken over only a few days before for change of air. I believe that Mr. and Mrs. Newman are now at their home on Wilcox street.

Rev. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem have come home from Georgian Bay, where they have spent the holidays and entertained very delightfully.

Mr. and Mrs. Hebben returned this week from Elsmere House to their city home on Bloor street east.

Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski spent a Saturday-Monday visit with Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski at their Island residence.

Hon. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy have been staying at Northcote, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. MacMahon had a smart tea on Friday of last week for her daughter, Mrs. Williams of Cobourg.

By the way, I met Mrs. Thompson, who had so many admirers as Miss Bertha Grantham, one day this week. She is visiting her parents at Norway, and looks as bright and beautiful as ever. Everyone is charmed to welcome her home.

A quiet, pretty wedding took place in St. Simon's church on Wednesday, August 22, when Miss Margaret L. Bannister, daughter of Mr. Edward Bannister, druggist, was married to Dr. Charles A. Gilchrist of Hoboken, N. J., Rev. Wm. Walsh of Brampton officiating. The bride was simply attired in a white cloth gown, with the customary veil and orange blossoms, her only ornament being a handsome diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. After spending a few hours of social intercourse at the residence of the bride's parents, Matland street, the happy couple left by the 4.45 boat for Niagara Falls en route to Old Point Comfort, Va., and other points in the South.

A very successful affair was the dance given by Mrs. Logan, Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. Rutter at Mrs. Sutton's of Center Island, Thursday night. The strains of Glimona's band and the delightfully cool evening made dancing a pleasure, while for those not so inclined the breakwater afforded a delightful promenade. Among those I noticed were: Mrs. Dan Rose, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Mrs. Byrne, Dr. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugsdin, Dr. Stacey, Miss Elith MacDonald, Mr. Alf. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Will Brown, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Eckhardt, Mr. Emil Mathews, Mr. Bailey and Miss Helen Bailey, Mr. R. Cowan, Mr. Michie, Mr. Bill R. Henderson, Mr. Joa. Hughes, Miss L. Byrne, Mr. Knight, Messrs. Charles and Harvey McNaught and Miss Edna McNaught, Miss Dyas, Mr. Jack D. A., Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, Miss Shuttleworth, the Misses Hoselz of Brantford, Mr. Will O'Hara, Mr. Hal O'Hara, Miss Morrison, Mr. Strowger. Refreshments were served on the verandas, and a late boat took some of the guests back to town.

During the week Mrs. Frank E. MacDonald of Canaan, Wellington place, gave a most delightful entertainment at her country house in Muskoka. That necessity of the lake life, a huge bonfire some twenty feet high, was built on a rock jutting into the water; the house, boat-house and ground were literally festooned with Chinese lanterns of all colors and designs. Blue, green and other colored lights were at times thrown on the fire, producing a strange, unusual and most delightful effect. The lake within the fire's light was covered with steam launches, boats, canoes and even rafts utilized by the small boys of the

neighborhood to get a good view of the fairy scene. Miss O'Grady of Toronto kindly officiated as harpist on the occasion and the strains of this most delightful instrument added to the pleasure of the evening. Among those present we noticed: Sir John and Lady Thompson and party, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Senator Sanford and party, who came over on a gaily decorated steam launch, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson of London, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and party of Stratford, Rev. John Cayley and party, Mrs. John Fraser of Toronto, Misses Kane, O'Grady, Cayley, Baldwin, Morris, Brough, Broughall, Kingston, Ridley, Fenwick, Messrs. Churchill Cockburn, Kenneth Cameron, Robert Baldwin, Gillespie, Larratt Smith, Arthur Small, Rev. Broughall, Napier Robinson and many others. A taffy pull, songs, etc., enlivened the evening. The Premier and Senatorial party on leaving were greeted with screams from steam whistles, sky rockets and a parting chorus, and altogether the scene was one long to be remembered in the annals of Muskoka.

Mr. Frank H. Gladding and daughter of Detroit are the guests of Mr. J. Lawlor Woods at the Rossin House.

Miss Couen, teacher of china painting, 251 Carlton street, has returned to the city and resumed her classes.

Mrs. F. Jones of Port Arthur left last month for her new home in Ottawa. In the departure of Mrs. Jones, says the *Port William Express*, Port Arthur loses one of its society queens, whose absence will be noticed at several social festivities.

On Friday night of last week the Cobourg Citizens' Band serenaded Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther and a house party at Cedarvale, their summer residence. The affair was much enjoyed by a smart coterie, among whom were: Mr. A. W. Morphy, Mr. G. A. Stimson, Mr. Woodburn Osborne and Mr. J. A. MacDonald. A host of Cobourg friends were present, and the genial host and hostess entertained the visiting musicians at a very *recherche* supper.

Mrs. Castle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Crowther. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Crowther have also been staying at Cedarvale.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham of Port Hope have been on a short visit to Cobourg over last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bolte are on a visit to Judge Armour in Cobourg.

Mrs. F. P. Mackintosh has returned to the Arlington for the winter.

Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson and family, of Grange avenue, have returned from Muskoka.

Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan and Miss Milligan are home. They arrived by the City of Rome on Sunday after a delightful summer in Scotland.

The Cincinnati *Times Star* announces the engagement of Miss Lulu A. Henderson and Mr. Charles B. Lowndes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick of Philadelphia are this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of Rosedale. Mr. Kendrick occupied the honorable position of vice-chairman on the Judiciary Board at the World's Fair, and holds high office in the State of Pennsylvania. He and his amiable wife were guests at the Island Club House at the distribution of prizes on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tipping have gone down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec for a holiday.

It was a merry crowd which gathered at Center Island on Labor Day to witness the sports and games which had been arranged by an efficient committee. By four o'clock fully ten thousand people had arrived, along with the bands of the 48th Highlanders and the Queen's Own. Besides the sporting events, speeches were made by Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick, Mayor Kennedy, Mr. Alf. Jury and several others. The day's proceedings were brought to a close by a dance in the Pavilion, which extended into the evening. Altogether the first Labor Day celebration in Toronto was a great success.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Couen and family, of Carlton street, have returned from Niagara.

Mr. Andrew Clark of Spadina avenue, the popular baritone of the Bloor street Presbyterian church, has just returned from a very pleasant trip on the Magnet as far as Montreal, stopping off at Belleville for a few days on the return trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Crofts and family, of Rosedale, are home from a lovely summer in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warren have closed their hospitable doors at Cedar Island, Muskoka, for the season. Mr. Kennedy of Winnipeg and Mr. Leslie Davidson of Detroit have been their guests.

A treat is in store for the public next month, when Mrs. Mountford gives a series of Oriental lectures in aid of Grace Hospital. The lectures are preceded by a sermon on September 30, to which the public are invited. Mrs. Mountford's rare elocutionary and dramatic power, pleasing manner and great earnestness fascinated everyone who heard her in May, on her last visit to Toronto.

Mr. Harold Mathews is in New York under the care of Dr. Salisbury, who is, I am glad to hear, doing him much good by his treatment.

Mrs. John Dick of Glenarm gave a children's party on Tuesday evening, when a most hilarious time was spent by about thirty little ones. A bonfire and fireworks and a lawn tea were the various delights offered to the guests by this kind hostess.

Mrs. George Hamilton of 34 Madison avenue entertained on Thursday last some of her friends to meet Mrs. Frank Wanser of Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton is a recent acquisition to Toronto society, though she was well known in musical circles as one of the most accom-

plished vocalists in the Mountain City. She has an exceedingly pretty home and is a charming entertainer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie McCrae had an Island dance on Friday of last week which was a very jolly affair. Supper was served in a *marquee* on the lawn, and all, both Islanders and city people enjoyed themselves immensely.

Miss McLellan of 52 Kensington avenue has returned from a pleasant visit to Kingston and the Thousand Islands.

Mrs. C. E. Holmes and Miss Cameron sailed from Liverpool on August 30 by s.s. Labrador, which arrived in Montreal to-day.

Mrs. Hope Sewell of Quebec is visiting friends in Parkdale.

Miss Fraser of London is visiting Miss Lillie of Sherbourne street.

The distribution of prizes and dance at the Island Club House on Wednesday evening attracted a crowd of smart people. As the various fortunate ones were called forward, feelings of applause showed the hearty good feeling which the Association was formed to promote. Center Island has reason to be proud of the result of this venture, which was initiated some five or six years ago at the suggestion of Mr. Jim Murray, and has gone on increasing in importance and success every season. Mr. Rolph, the president, and Mrs. Rolph distributed the prizes. The Italians played a lovely two-step, by Sousa, The Liberty Bell, which was danced *con amore*.

St. Helen's church, Brockton, was the scene of a fashionable wedding on Tuesday morning last, when Mr. William Barron of the Toronto Incandescent Light Co. was married to Miss Nellie Mallon, eldest daughter of Mr. John Mallon, J. P. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., assisted by Rev. James Carberry. The bride was attired in white Duchesse satin with white lace and pearl trappings, and wore a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Miss Marie Mallon, sister of the bride, wore white India silk, a white picture hat, also a gold bracelet, set with pearls, presented by the groom. The church was beautifully decorated with asters and palms. Miss Fanny Sullivan presided at the organ and Miss Reynolds sang Ave Maria. Besides the officiating clergy and the members of the respective families, the chief guests were Miss O'Donohoe of Winnipeg and Mr. Woods, uncle of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Barron left in the afternoon for the West and on their return will reside on College street.

Besides all the park concerts that have been given this season through the city by the various bands, two of the most successful ones were held at the Home for Incurables in Parkdale, one by the Grenadiers' band, held in the evening about two weeks ago, and the other last Saturday afternoon, by the Q. O. R. band. The 48th Highlanders were also to have given one last Tuesday evening, but the weather was so unfavorable that it was postponed for the present. Those bands very kindly offered their services, I believe, and do so every year. If they only knew the unbounded pleasure it gave the patients it would repay them for their trouble. Some of these patients never leave their rooms, but there are others who can walk out and sit on the lawn and enjoy the concerts. The bands were well looked after by Mrs. Craigie, who provided light refreshments for them in her usual kind way after their programme was finished. These concerts are not only enjoyed by the patients at the Home, but also by the public, who fully appreciate the music and walk through these pretty grounds. All say with one voice, when will they come again!

Dr. Knox, professor of surgery at Glasgow, Scotland, has been on a short visit this week to his brother, Mr. John Knox, C. E., Rose avenue. He leaves for Scotland per steamer City of Rome this morning.

Mr. Norman B. Gash has returned to the city from a couple of months' tour of Europe.

Miss Cosar of London is at present the guest of Mrs. W. E. Groves of 257 Carlton street.

Miss Blossom Kingsmill of Grange avenue returned home last week after a visit of several weeks spent on the Upper Lakes and in Muskoka.

Miss Johnston of 122 King street west has returned from Europe.

Dr. A. G. A. Fletcher of 480 Ontario street is in Washington, D.C., on a visit to the Sick Children's Hospital.

Fall Opening

Tuesday, Sept. 11 and following days

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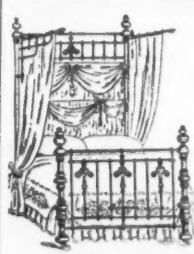
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Sayings of the Children.

Whale Dividends—"Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale?" Johnnie—Whalebone. "And what comes from the whale that we have no use for?" Johnny—Jonahs.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Commercial Instinct.—The Clergyman—And why should little boys say their prayers every night? The Good Boy—So the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Vicarious Mathematics—I do think it is so natural that little children should expect their small supplications to be answered literally. I can so sympathize with the little boy over his sums, who said to his governess in a puzzled, half indignant voice: "I can't do my sum. I can't; and I did ask God to help me, and He's made three mistakes already."—*Boston Herald.*

Inside View of Moral Suasion—Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you? Little Boy—Never. We have moral suasion at our school. "What's that?" "Oh, we get kept in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

Synonyms Differentiated.—The teacher asked the class wherein lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough." "Sufficient," answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time that I stopped eating pie; 'enough' is when I think it is."—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

Taking No Risks.—The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone: "Miss Jones, I wish you would keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisp'rin' as I did. I saw her do it."

"Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher. "I don't want her to get jealous agin," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "Th' other time you kept me in after school she wouldn't speak to me for a week."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Impressionist School—Little Dot—I am improv'in' in drawing. Mother—I hope so. Little Dot—Yes. I drew a cake on my slate, and Dick guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was some thing to eat, anyhow, didn't he?—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Laid Up for Repairs—His Mother—What are you moping around the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore? Tommy—Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet.—*Chicago Record.*

Edith's Telepathy—Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

An Amended Petition—A little girl living downtown was saying her prayers the other evening, and had just finished "Give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "Say tookies, Fanny, say tookies."—*Texas Siftings.*

Loving Tom.

"Do you know," said Mr. Man to his friend the other evening at the roof garden, "that the boys at the club have a merry and most distressing 'find' on me. I suppose it's one of the inevitable consequences of renouncing bachelorhood that a man lays himself open to attack from the most unsuspected quarter."

"Now, loyal citizen that I am, I have received a bitter blow from the United States Government. It stabbed me, using the dead letter office as a dagger. It was like this: Just a month ago at the club I wrote a letter to the girl I am going to marry. I had told only one or two of my intimate friends of the engagement, and we weren't going to announce it until fall. Well, as I was saying, I wrote to Alice Jevons that day at the club, and told her how fond I was of her. I loved her very hard that day, and I used some strong expressions. I suppose my heart ran away with my pen, so to speak."

"To make a short story a little longer, I sat down by the window to direct the envelope. I got to gazing out on the fleecy clouds floating across the blue depths of the sky, and thinking about her, as a man does, you know. Well, I suppose I directed the letter wrong. It never reached her. Instead of that, a month later came a nasty-looking official envelope addressed to 'Loving Tom,' in care of the club. The post office people hadn't been able to find the girl, so they tried to send the driver back to the one who wrote it, and their only clue was the signature and the engraved letter-head."

"Well, nobody at the club could fancy who 'Loving Tom' was, so the house committee opened the envelope. The first thing they saw was 'Dearest Alice' and the first sentence was absolute insanity. Then they recognized the writing and forbore to read further."

Mr. Man stopped to wipe from his brow the perspiration which sprang forth at the thought of his mortification. "Well, there's just one thing about it," he added thoughtfully, "I'll never again sign myself anything but my full name, even if I live to be a Methuselah and write to Mrs. Methuselah every day."—*New York Tribune.*

He Knew Wine.

The old Charleston good liver was given to boasting of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well known Mr. L., said that he had \$70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State.

At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a grocer's and for a dollar bought a bottle of wine and had it put upon the table as

A Mental Wreck.



Jealous Wife—I wish to consult you confidentially concerning my husband. He seems to be completely infatuated with me, but—
Divorce Lawyer (interruptingly)—That is sufficient for a divorce, madam; he is suffering from hallucinations.

a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had, and said: "I recognize the vintage—it is 1784. There is nothing better than this in America."

The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he had been sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it "round the corner."

"Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

"I'll hold you harmless if you tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it off one of your niggers."—*Exchange.*

A Severe Ordeal.

The two ladies had not met for some time and they were vitally interested in each other's welfare.

"I hope your health is better than when I saw you last," said the first.

"No, I grow worse every day," responded her friend despondently.

"Too bad, too bad! What seems to be the matter?"

"No one knows, and the doctors say they cannot tell till after the post mortem."

"Why, how awful! You poor, dear thing! In your weak state you can never live through that."

A Bloodless Duel.

The conference between Corbett and Jackson was somewhat similar to a dispute that occurred not long since in New York between the German driver of an ice wagon and an Irishman with a dray.

"Come out o' that," roared the drayman, "come out of your bloody ice waggon till I bate the ground wid yez, ye lo-pared buggard. Darce to me ye!"

"Look me owit!" howled his antagonist, "look me owit! Oh, chimminy grashus, if somebody make me once mad already I shake me out of my breeches, if she been mine own fadder. Off you get some time till I see pedder you runned away before I get me crazy mad!"

"Whoop!" howled the blood-thirsty Celt.

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ANTIOCH.



When Heaven sends to earth below
A med'one honest, true;
'Tis meet that all the cured should show
Just what this boon can do.

I thank God that in time of pain
And suffering severe,
I was informed how I might gain
New life, and strength, and cheer.

My shoulders pained each day and hour,
My limbs were weak and frail;
My nervous system lack'd in power,
My cheeks were wan and pale.

In agony I lay each day,
Enough to make one weep;
While suffering o'er me held its sway,
I could not rest or sleep.

The doctors failed my case to cure;
Relief I could not gain;
And nostrums, label'd safe and sure,
I swallowed off in vain.

When clouds of doubt, and dread, and fear,
Did darkly hover round;
'Twas then I heard these words of cheer,
Paine's Celery Compound.

With faith I used the Compound great,
Its virtues quick did show;
Two bottles dragged me from a state
Of misery and woe.

Then, full of hope, I still did use
Paine's Celery Compound,
Determined that I should not lose
The strength that I had found.

To-day, in body and in mind
I am renewed quite;
I am sure that others too will find
Results that give delight.

I'd say to every suffering soul,
Use Celery Compound,
And you will quickly reach the goal
Where health and strength are found.

Children Will Grow Up
To Have a Soft and Healthy Skin

IF THEY USE

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SOAP

Made out of the finest Castile Soap, and deliciously perfumed, it leaves the skin soft, white and with a deliciously "fresh" feeling.

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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

AFRIL SHOWER.—Please read answer to Mr. J. M.

LEUCIE.—You are refined, forceful and a little pessimistic, mentally gifted, not logical, rather intuitive, with energy, determination and pluck. Read over those traits and see if there isn't the makings of a good nurse.

MAI-MAI.—I suppose you saw your study. As to your having written to me a great many times, I am surprised to hear it. Whether a study is fit or not I always tell my correspondents I've received it. You certainly write an awful scrawl, but it's clever.

KENNEL.—An excellently honest and good-tempered person, hopeful, rather confident and frank in speech, but by no means imprudent, a generally off-hand and well-meaning individual, contented with ordinary success, kindly in judgment, with enough energy to get on, and enough self-esteem to be healthy.

GRIMES.—You are good-tempered, sympathetic, fond of beauty, rather careful in speech, persevering, of good sequence of ideas, lacking power and snap, hopeful, slightly ambitious, and very conscientious and truthful. I think you'd be better if you were not quite so easy-going. A few cracks would improve you.

ELSA F.—I am overpowered with your long letter. Six lines, my dear woman, not eight pages, and Saturday isn't spoiled Saturday. Perhaps I shouldn't have noticed that, if you're a futurist, but really your letter has exhausted my patience. I won't discuss the new books with you. I won't tell you what I think of Dodo, and lastly, I won't discuss your character until I get over your inequality. The worm will turn, you know. I turn at eight pages of rubbish.

READER, ESTELLE.—I hasten to give you unlimited pleasure, poor little maid, and wish I could so advise you that you might be a great success. Your writing shows much lack of discipline and self-culture, and is very crude and uncertain. You are very easily influenced, but you have a soaring will and some force which should be developed to the utmost. You are generous, amiable and very honest and truthful, but your study is not satisfactory to me, it is hard to make much of such immature writing.

LETTER.—I'm so glad you've been introduced to me; you see I prevent your telling me I am a handsome man, as Miggardina did. Your writing, like your character, is full of tact, and incapable of double-dealing. You don't study others enough and yourself too much. You are idealistic, rather fond of society, honest, just and not apt to arrive quickly at conclusions. An upright, constant, matter-of fact and sensible person, affectionate, generous, and rather inclined to conversation. It matters little what kind of a pen one uses; certain hands need a fine point; yours certainly agrees with a stub.

MARION.—A very strong feeling in common with aims and ends similar and mutual appreciation, led to the inexcusable wrong-doing. Better be candid. A wrong is a wrong, a sin is a sin; never mind about the excuse and circumstances, the fact is there. At the same time you can enjoy those books with a clear conscience. Some of them are exceedingly precious to me. 2. Your writing shows a misdeed but not much culture. You are of the sensitive, easily cast down and nervous temperament, fond of sympathy, social intercourse, a bright and erratic mentality. I should say one in need of a very staid and practical nature for her after life.

ANNA BEATRICE, New Brunswick.—1. You are not alone in your admiration of Toronto, which is getting quite a name as a pretty summer city. You are quite right in your idea that the people of the West are more approachable than the far Easterners. The English exclusiveness still lingers down there, though they are rare good folk, when you know them. 2. Your writing shows a great deal of quiet force, tenacity of opinion and firmness of will. You love beauty in all forms and have considerable artistic taste, with culture, refinement, vivacity and high sense of honor. You are slightly impulsive and should be fond of and beloved by a wide circle of friends. A very womanly woman.

ELACK AND WHITE.—What an uncommon position you have me in! Always sitting on some of my own sex in this column. I am willing to leave it to any fair-minded person if that isn't a gross libel. And you think if I stood on you it would be of equal! You're so terribly sharp, I'd sooner stand on a carpet tack! And yet, in spite of your cruel calumnies I must perforce tell you that your writing is both interesting and delightful. It shows excellent reasoning power, rather an ambitious, luxury loving, and tenacious nature, discreet to caution, and never apt to let your heart run away with your head. Much sense of humor, and a generally bright and independent mind are yours. You are clever and rather sensible of the fact, forceful and practical and a wee bit selfish.

FOCALITAS.—Your character will certainly not be a very bad one, my prince. You are a bit of a dreamer, and couldn't conduct an argument to save your life. You love pretty things, are fond of an easy time, a little fanciful and fickle, with lots of go and energy, originality, and careful and good method. You have strong social instincts, and are broad but a little apt to be selfish and subject to moods. I think you're very young.



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A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Kathleen danced in upon Stella the next morning as she was standing over the kitchen fire preparing a sweetbread, and said excitedly, "Oh, Stella, there is quite a good company come to the Town Hall at Slowborough, and papa says we might all go, only I am so afraid you will be stung."

"How much would the tickets be?" enquired Stella in a business-like tone.

"Front seats, reserved, five shillings; second, unreserved, three; back seats one shilling," said Kathleen fluently, "and standing room at the back for several 'dirty little boys' who had squeezed themselves in," as Mrs. Gamp would have said. Now, Stella, put us out of my misery quickly, and if we can't go say so at once."

"We oughtn't, I am afraid, but it is a poor heart that never rejoices," she added reluctantly. "Of course we shall have to walk."

"Unless Mr. Dace should send his brougham for us," interposed Kathleen gaily. "But the walk will be nice, as there's a moon, and it is not more than three miles by the fields."

"Three and three make six," put in Stella.

"But six miles are nothing for the sake of a pleasure like this," Evelyn Grey is going to act, and you know we haven't been to a play since we left London. It is no use making objections now, Stella, for you said yes at first," she added anxiously, "and of course we shan't want the best places."

"That goes without saying. What would suit our means best would be to 'squeeze in' with the dirty little boys," I daresay, but it wouldn't suit our pride. We must put our pride in our pocket, my dear. Beggars can't be choosers."

"Come, Stella," said Kathleen coaxingly, "we have had a wonderful piece of luck lately, and we can afford twelve shillings just for once."

"Papa is going too, then?"

"Certainly, Mr. Chester is going. Isn't he as fond of pleasure as any of us, and quite as young? Besides, we should need a chaperon. We are just the sort of girls who can't go out alone, we are so awfully conspicuous-looking. I don't know how it is, but directly we put a rose in our hair we look more dressed than most girls would in disarray. It is a good thing, perhaps, that as we can afford so little dress we require so little; but this makes it impossible for us to do things that other girls could and not be noticed. And then walking home late at night without an escort would not do, I fancy."

"Perhaps not," she answered, stirring her sauce. "What about Violet?"

"I don't know; she didn't say she should come, and I thought it best not to ask her. She heard papa talk about having to get our tickets to-morrow, so she will be obliged to decide one way or the other by to-morrow. I would rather she stayed at home myself, she is such a kill-joy, and when we do take a holiday we like to enjoy every moment of it, in our own way, and don't want a critical audience. I am sure we shall sing all the way home, and when Nora and I struck up a duet the other night, when Violet was with us, she was very disagreeable, and declared people would say we were drunk."

"I suppose our Bohemianism does shock her; we were prepared for that."

"And her conventional shucks us—"

"Still, if we were to ask a man of the world, like Captain Dace, for instance, I fancy he would say that it was better to be too particular than not particular enough."

"But then we are not going to ask him, and thank goodness, he will be safe in bed on Thursday night. If he weren't, what business of the world and their opinions matter to us, Stella?"

"I don't know," she answered rather wearily. "But I do wish sometimes we were more like other people."

"I don't," answered Kathleen with decision. "Other people, as a rule, are as dull as ditch-water; we are always amusing, although I say it who shouldn't say it. What was it Captain Dace said the other day? I know you consider him an authority on most matters—you needn't deny it, my dear—the English are usually original and picturesque, and he defied anyone to be dull where we were."

"He only said that to flatter us, you foolish child," cried Stella, who was suddenly as red as a rose. "A man who has lived the sort of life he has can't think much of us."

"What sort of a life has he led then?"

"Well, he has seen such wonderful beauties, and talked to such extraordinarily clever women, ordinary girls seem tame and insignificant after a George Sand—or a Patti."

"When you fire off such great guns as that at me I beat a retreat," exclaimed Kathleen, laughing, as she opened the door. "Oh the whole, I begin to think it is very condescending of Captain Dace to get his skull cracked close to our house."

CHAPTER XXII.

Captain Dace was able to get up in his room, and might have got out of it too, if he had had a mind, perhaps, but he made the most of his weakness, and could not even walk round the room it seemed without the support of Stella's arm. When he heard of the proposed journey to Slowborough he was much aggrieved, although he did not dare say so. A long evening without one glimpse of Stella's face, or the sound of her voice, was more than he could contemplate with resignation, although the day was fast approaching when the hunger of his heart would at last be unsatisfied and he should not have even the right to complain.

She came to bid him good-bye just before she started, taking him some books and papers, and gave old Simon anxious directions about his business, compelling draught, etc. etc. He was not in a good humor by any means, and fell foul of her first of all, which he declared to be theatrical; then he said it was ridiculous to wear so many roses, and when she asked if they weren't becoming he growled out that they were confoundingly becoming, and of course, that was why she was wearing them. She wanted to be the cynosure of all eyes—he had never seen such a vain creature before in all his life—and she supposed for a minute that when men stared at a girl it was flattery to her and meant that they admired her! No (seriously), it was often involuntary and unconscious, and was provoked by a conspicuous head gear (wide hat), or a bold, enticing manner. Really, he was surprised that any woman should care to make herself so conspicuous. For his part he was very thankful he was not going, for, of course, she would follow home, and in those circumstances it would have been his duty to knock the man down.

Stella let him talk out his jealousy, and when he was beginning to get a little cooler she said quietly:

"I thought you said the other day that you liked large hats and I ought never to wear anything else, as they exactly suited my style."

"It is not fair," he answered, "to quote against me words uttered in delirium."

"But you never were delirious."

"Anyhow I wasn't as lucid and coherent as I am now, I presume."

"I don't see any difference."

"Then," he said irritably, "I have entirely changed my opinion."

"It doesn't suit me, then," holding her head coquettishly on one side and bringing her dimples into play.

"Your conduct is simply disgraceful, Stella!" he said wrathfully. "You strand me here and go off to amuse yourself, and you have not even the decency to dress yourself in your worst clothes. That white dress, and those roses, and the big hat are too delicious!" growling, "and I shan't be there to enjoy them, and, of course, you would rather I weren't there, as I can't make myself agreeable."

"No, I forgive you," she answered, smiling, "and I wish with all my heart you were coming with us, although, I daresay, you would turn up your nose at the provincial troop of actors and actresses."

"I would give the whole world to be accompanying you to-night!" he exclaimed earnestly. "It isn't the play I mind about so much, but oh! the walk home in the moonlight, through the pretty fields and lanes, with your hand in mine!"

"Are you sure it would be in yours?" she asked, bridling.

"I think I am, because I should take care it was," he responded, with assurance. "Didn't I tell you once that I always get my own way?"

"Not quite always," she said, retreating towards the door, "because you won't have the walk home in the moonlight, through the fields and lanes, with your hand in mine."

"Stella!" he called out in an outraged tone, but Stella was gone, and all he heard was the faint echo of her laughter as she fled down the stairs.

At the last moment Violet decided not to accompany them, and Mr. Chester and his three daughters set off together. It would have been difficult to say which was the merriest of the four. Mr. Chester had the faculty of casting off unpleasant and obtrusive memories as easily as he brushed off the silvery webs from the hedge with his cane. They had never allowed themselves any dissipation of this sort since they came to Chisbury, and they had all of them pined for the stage.

As they turned into the road about a mile from Slowborough, Mr. Dace passed them in his well appointed brougham, but vouchsafed them no sort of notice, to Mr. Chester's great surprise.

"How very strange!" he said, replacing his hat on his head, and looking from one to the other of the three girls enquiringly. "Is it possible he couldn't have seen us?"

No one answered him, but Nora dropped behind, ostensibly to gather a big trail of daisies, in reality to hide her guilty face. When she rejoined them Mr. Chester had solved the enigma, according to his own belief, and was highly irate.

"To come to the house and make himself so confoundedly at home, and then to cut us dead because we happen to be so unfortunate, and couldn't pay our bills the moment they became due. Devil take it! that is what one might expect of a fellow who wasn't a gentleman, and sold drink," in an accent of fine scorn. "I'm glad I have found him out, and mind me, girls, I forbid you to take the least notice of him for the future."

Stella glanced stealthily at Nora, whose lips began to twitch a little, but they managed somehow to keep their countenances, and enjoyed later the sight of the great man in the reserved seats just now, as much as they could. He had taken two chairs, partly out of swagger, partly because one was not large enough to suit what Stella called his "majestic proportions," and there he sat viewing the pretty actresses, and applauding them occasionally with such an air of lofty patronage, and his nose looked so much more inflated than usual. Nora whispered presently:

"I am so glad I boxed his ears—and I should like to do it again this very moment! Did you see how superciliously he glanced into the three shilling seats just now, as much as to say there couldn't be anything worth seeing there. I do wonder that when he came to visit us in all his majesty, he didn't shrivel us up as Jupiter shrivelled up Semele."

But then the curtain drew up once more, and not a glance went astray, not a word was spoken by one of the Chesters until it fell again, so absorbed and interested were they as to play was good, but the players were mediocre, with the exception of Evelyn Grey, who, although only a provincial star, had a certain reputation, and had the supreme merit of not being stagey and affected. When the others murmured the parts Stella clenched her fist and whispered angrily, "Poor wooden creatures! don't they feel anything, then? I wish I were in their place! That passage would be grand if it came straight from the heart, but they maul and mangle it so cruelly, all the passion has gone out of it before it reaches us. That woman can never have been in love!"

"Nor have you, Stella, as far as that goes," remarked Kathleen, "only you are quicker to understand things, and have the true artistic spirit in you, as we all have. We owe that to the foreign blood in our veins. English women as a rule are much too self-conscious to act well. When a French woman steps on the stage she is as easy and natural as if she were in her own drawing-room, and merges her own identity completely in that of the character she personates; but the English are afraid of the audience, and stagey, nearly all of them. Only a play is a play, and I am enjoying myself immensely, aren't you?"

"Yes, only I wish I could put a little spark of my own fire into some of those women. When they walk with creature after creature, they might have been apostrophizing a pian-cake for all the reality and passion there was in her simpering assertion. Fancy screwing up your mouth in that ridiculous fashion to say 'I love you.'"

"How should you say it then?"

Stella laughed and colored at this direct question.

"Rather different to that; but don't ask questions, my dear, and then you won't have any stories told you. Besides, I don't know, of course."

"Humph!" said Kathleen suspiciously, "I am not so sure."

The last act began now, and they were silent again. When the grand climax came, the Chester girls, with their sensitive, emotional temperaments, were on the brink of tears, and Mr. Chester himself was sitting in a dejected attitude, tugging moodily at his mustache. Then there was a call for Miss Evelyn Grey, and the hero, and all began to prepare themselves for departure. The Chesters had not brought elaborate wraps, as they were going to walk, but their father was very decided on the subject of a shawl each for neck and shoulders, and had collected them from the hall before starting and carried them over his arm all the way to Slowborough. He wrapped up first one and then the other before he allowed them to march off, and which blow he told against their faces on first emerging from the heated hall.

For the first quarter of an hour they only talked over the play, and by this time they had left the lights of Slowborough behind, and were in the dim, quiet lanes.

"How sweet everything smells!" Stella said, drawing a deep breath. "The hedges are so full of honeysuckle just now, the whole air is fragrant with it."

No one answered her, for they all were just coming back to a lonely part of the road where there was a deep pool, fringed round with bracken and tall rushes, and darkened overhead by the entwined branches of two huge old elms. One pale moonbeam edged its way between the trees to make a slender shaft of light athwart the green, stagnant water, and Nora pressed closer against her father's side

and held her breath for fear, for the pool had a gloomy and terrible history, having once been the scene of a murder, and the superstitious country people declared that the unfortunate girl who had been drowned there sometimes haunted the lane, and you could hear her death shriek as the murderer wrenched his hand out of her despairing grasp and pushed her into the water. Of course nobody believed this story in the day time, not even Nora, for there was no credible witness who could come forward to say he had seen the apparition, but at this hour she gave it full faith and shrank and shivered as she clung to her father's arm.

"Oh! papa," she cried excitedly, as she gave a nervous gasp, "I am so glad you came, and you don't believe about—the poor girl,"—another gasp, as an elm leaf fluttered down and touched her white cheek caressingly in passing—"the dead never come back, do they?"

"I wish they did, Nora."

"Oh! I wish they did; here it is tempting Providence," she implored, and she almost dragged him along. "That place looks so terrible I should know something had happened there even if I hadn't been told."

Partly to divert Nora's thoughts, partly because he liked it himself, Mr. Chester suggested that they should sing, and their fresh young voices with his well-trained bass for a background made such exquisite harmony that even the tired laborers in the cottages they passed presently were glad to have been roused, for it sounded in their drowsy ears like angel-music floating in the air.

They never noticed a step behind them this while, nor suspected that Captain Dace's prediction had been fulfilled, and sang on until they reached the village, when Stella said:

"We had better be quiet now, or we shall frighten poor old Mrs. Gump, who is ill, and they went silently past her door and up the village street to their own gate, and the man who had followed them, standing out of sight in the shadow, watched them go in, waited till the last echo of their footsteps had died away into the grave, then turned on his heel and walked briskly away."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You look as if dissipation became you," said Violet the next morning, as she glanced from one to the other of her three cousins and noted their fresh cheeks and brilliant eyes. "I am sorry I didn't go myself now, it would have been something to do."

"That is just what I told you," remarked Kathleen.

"Yes, but I am not so enterprising naturally as you are, and then I shouldn't have walked assuredly."

"The walk was the best part of it. The moon was shining so brightly, and it was all so still and sweet I wouldn't have been cooped up in a carriage for all the world!"

"And we peeped the murderer's pool," put in Nora, shuddering still at the recollection.

"They say it is haunted."

"Well! did you see the ghost?"

"There are no such things as ghosts," answered Nora with extreme decision. "But I was glad when I got past, all the same."

"At that was no such thing as a murder there either, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes; that was true enough. Papa remembers it quite well," returned Kathleen. "He will tell you the story if you ask him."

"Thank you, I am not fond of horrors, Nora. Put your hat on, and come with me directly after breakfast; I want to sketch."

"Violet's sketches were made a great joke of by her cousins, and once when she had drawn a cow from nature and had shown it to them with a certain amount of pride, Kathleen had written underneath it: 'This is a cow I don't mistake it for the parish pump, which she declared that it resembled more than the animal in question, as the tail looked like a pump handle. Violet had haughtily accused them of want of sympathy in her pursuits, and the incognito Kathleen had declared that all her sketches were for the cow, it was so painfully deformed."

Nora, as we know, admired and feared her cousin, and did not join in the joke, and therefore she was allowed to carry Violet's sketching materials and camp stool, and make herself generally useful, a post which she did not quite relish perhaps, but dared not refuse. Stella and Kathleen watched them go off, and made merry over Nora's servitude, comparing her cheerfully to a beast of burden, and then they separated, each to her respective duties.

Stella, for there was a cold shiver of beef to the fore, and supplemented by some good soup (which had already been on the fire for hours) a large dish of "œufs à la neige," and one of her incomparable salads, and other vegetables, she thought that the faintest of the party might be satisfied, and she could give herself a little holiday for once.

Captain Dace was up, and had dressed himself with Simon's help, and as pillows and two slippers lay about on the floor, Stella judged that the old pensioner had proved a more awkward valet than usual, or that his master's temper was shorter. Not that Simon minded these little ebullitions one whit. On the contrary, Captain Dace never hit him, of course, and generally made a little peculiar offering in return for this relief, so that Simon did not find it unwelcome his purpose to be so expert.

Still Captain Dace had the grace to be ashamed when he saw Stella picking up the pillows, and said humbly and apologetically:

"I am sure there is some pressure on the brain, and that makes me irritable, Stella. I was absolutely rude to you last night."

"You only abused my hat."

"Like a jealous fool. I thought it lovely all the time, and the face underneath it too."

He turned away and groaned, walked to the window, came back again; then took her hand, and pressed it tenderly to his lips.



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"Ah! If I were only an unmitigated scoundrel!" he said hoarsely, "what a happy man I should be. At it is, I am like Tennyson's hero or heroine, I forget where or who it was. 'A grain of conscience makes me sour.' I want to do what I dare not do, I crave for forbidden sweets, and I would make friends with the devil to get them, too, but I would not dishonor my love."

"I wish you were not so enigmatical," she said disdainfully. "It worries me when I cannot understand people."

"But this at least you understand, Stella, that I love you!" he answered, bending his tall head to look deep into her wonderful eyes. "Whatever happens you are, and always will be, the one true love of my life."

"I wonder how many you have told the same thing, Captain Dace?"

"I have never said the same thing to any living woman, although I have had an evanescent passion for two or three."

"No, for it is different in kind and degree to the others. Besides, I am not a child, or a fool that I should not know when I have met my fate."

Stella did not argue this question any further, for she had such a strong conviction that people always did know when their heart had found its true master, in spite of minor attachments and entanglements, that she could not truthfully contradict him. He went on excitedly:

"I am so sure, indeed, that cruelly as I suffer I cannot tear myself away. Would any man in his sober senses court a catastrophe that he could avoid by first taking himself off? But what is the use of my going away since I may take my sorrow and regret with me, and I should not have even the compensations which you would give me?"

"Grudgingly," she repeated, in pained reproach. "What I give, I give freely, generously, unconditionally, unquestioningly."

"But you would not give yourself so to me?" he said, listening for her answer, as if his very life depended on it.

It came after a long breathless pause, haltingly.

"Not now—because you have confessed that your love is a dishonor, and you would be an 'unmitigated scoundrel' if you allowed yourself to give way to it. If you have to make friends with the devil to reach me you had better put the widest ocean there is between us, than stay here another day, for you are only torturing us both."

"Then you do love me—you do love me?" he cried, the triumph of his barren victory shining in his eyes and irradiating his whole face. "I would have taken her into his longing arms, only that she repelled him with glance and gesture even before she spoke."

"Where is your grain of conscience?" she said icily. "Am I not a forbidden sweet?"

"Forgive me," he answered wearily. "Tantalus's doom was nothing to mine. I am always just within reach of a happiness that I never mine, but might have been if only I had been a scoundrel," put in Stella sternly.

"That is true. Heaven pity us both!" he muttered, drawing himself away, and feeling as if she would have taken her into his longing arms, only that she repelled him with glance and gesture even before she spoke.

Stella wanted to hide herself away somewhere, and ease her heart in true feminine fashion by a good cry, but as she reached the top of the landing she saw her father on the bottom step of the stairs, and he called her at once by name.

"Stella, is that you? I want you directly."

"Is it anything of consequence, papa?"

"Yes," in a loud stage whisper, "a visitor."

Stella was not accustomed to think of herself, and though she would have given the whole world to be alone she ran down at once and joined her father in the hall.

"Who is it?" she said, rather curiously, for so few visitors came to the Chase it was natural they should cause a sensation when they did.

"Can't say," whispered Mr. Chester, with a cautious glance towards the studio door, which was slightly ajar. "Don't know the man from Adam."

"Perhaps he has made a mistake."

"No, I heard him ask Jane if I hadn't three handsome daughters, who sang, and Jane responded that I had three daughters who sang, ignoring the adjective; whereupon he at once stepped in. And there he is now—hark!"

added Mr. Chester, as someone touched a note on the piano and then hummed the whole octave softly.

Stella pushed open the door and entered, and had time to scrutinize the stranger before he perceived her. He was a small man, with a neat figure, and a birdy face, with bright round eyes. He had a habit of standing with one hand under his coat-tails, and the other used the other lavishly in emphasizing his conversation, although this was an after discovery, of course. She might possibly have thought he was English until he bowed, and then the question was settled at once, for that is a thing no Englishman can do gracefully or even easily, and this man bowed smoothly forward from the knees, and righted himself as smoothly as if he had been practicing from his youth up, which no doubt he had.

"Mr. Chester, I presume—Miss Chester—Monsieur Lambert—at your service." And he bowed forward, one hand still under his coat-tails, and set Stella a chair. "You will be surprised to see me here."

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance," said Mr. Chester rather stiffly.

"No, no, of course, but I am the manager of the troupe that is just now performing at Slowborough, and I followed you home last night."

"Really," answered Mr. Chester coldly. "May I ask why?"

"Yes, sir, you may. I was charmed. I was delighted with your beautiful daughters. And I said to myself, says I, 'Pierre, mon ami, go at once, visit the papa and the beautiful young ladies, and see if you can make a bargain.'"

"I really don't understand you, Mons. Lambert," returned Mr. Chester. "What bargain, if you please?"

"My dear sir, your daughters are born actresses. I watched them last night, I could have told what was acting on the stage through their faces, as in a mirror. One minute their eyes were blazing, the next they were clouded with tears, and they showed such intelligent sympathy, such warm appreciation of the good points of the play, it seemed to me their nature must speak, and they had no choice but to join us. Can people stifle what is truly in them, can a woman with a soul in her be satisfied with the monotonous routine of quiet home duties? Can beauty hide her inspired face? Can—can—"

"Can you descend from the clouds and talk homely common sense?" put in Mr. Chester irritably. "I haven't the ghost of an idea what you really mean."

Stella nudged her father's arm with a pale little smile.

"He wants us to join his troupe, papa."

Mons. Lambert made her one of his superb bows.

"Your perspicacity is as conspicuous as your beauty," he said in his flowery way. "Make your own terms—no one ever said of Pierre Lambert yet that he was a niggard, although he likes his money's worth. I believe you would draw, and I would make it worth your while to draw. I followed you home last night, as I had the honor of informing you just now; and you sang, deliciously; if I could put on my bills, 'The three beautiful songstresses,' or 'The talented Chester Family,' supposing your father would say—"

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Chester, "what the devil do you mean by this insolence?"

"I have no wish to be offensive," returned Mons. Lambert meekly. "I am offering to your consideration an arrangement that might benefit you as well as myself. I am willing to make good terms. I—"

"Had better go back to where you came from, confound you, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Chester, fairly roused. "I would have you to know that I am a gentleman!"

"What is the use of being a gentleman if you haven't a sou to bless yourself with?" responded the little Frenchman, looking quite unmoved. "I started in life myself with a big swag, but I couldn't make people believe I was anybody until the gold began to flow in freely, and now I have such a big balance at my banker's I have more titled friends than I care for, and could dine out every night whilst I am in town if I cared for it. What is it I heard someone saying the other night?"

"This is beautiful world to live in, to lead, to spend or to give in."

"But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own, this is the worst world that ever was known."

"And what does this prove, pray?" enquired Mr. Chester, with increased hauteur.

"That you had better take what you can get, and not trust to anyone but yourself," returned Mr. Lambert airily.

"When I want your advice I will ask for it," answered the old man. "At present I fancy I can manage my affairs as well as you can manage them for me, and as my time is precious—"

Sayings of the Children.

Whale Dividends.—"Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale?" Johnnie—Whalebone. "And what comes from the whale that we have no use for?" Johnny—Jonahs.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Commercial Instinct.—The Clergyman—And why should little boys say their prayers every night? The Good Boy—So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Vicarious Mathematics.—I do think it is so natural that little children should expect their small supplications to be answered literally. I can so sympathize with the little boy over his sums, who said to his governess in a puzzled, half indignant voice: "I can't do my sum. I can't; and I did ask God to help me, and He's made three mistakes already."—*Boston Herald.*

Inside View of Moral Suasion.—Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you? Little Boy—Never. We have moral suasion at our school. "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

Synonyms Differentiated.—The teacher asked the class wherein lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough." "Sufficient," answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time that I stopped eating pie; 'enough' is when I think it is."—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

Taking No Risks.—The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone: "Miss Jones, I wish you would keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisperin' as I did. I saw her do it."

"Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher. "I don't want her to get jealous agin," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "The other time you kept me in after school she wouldn't speak to me for a week."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Impressionist School.—Little Dot—I am improv'in' in drawing. Mother—I hope so. Little Dot—Yes, I drew a cake on my slate, and Dick guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was something to eat, anyhow, didn't he?—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Laid Up for Repairs.—His Mother—What are you moping around the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore? Tommy—"Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet."—*Chicago Record.*

Edith's Telepathy.—Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

An Amended Petition.—A little girl living downtown was saying her prayers the other evening, and had just finished "Give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "Say tookies, Fanny, say tookies."—*Texas Siftings.*

Loving Tom.

"Do you know," said Mr. Man to his friend the other evening at the roof garden, "that the boys at the club have a merry and most distressing 'find' on me. I suppose it's one of the inevitable consequences of renouncing bachelorhood that a man lays himself open to attack from the most unsuspected quarter."

"Now, loyal citizen that I am, I have received a bitter blow from the United States Government. It stabbed me, using the dead letter office as a dagger. It was like this: Just a month ago at the club I wrote a letter to the girl I am going to marry. I had told only one or two of my intimate friends of the engagement, and we weren't going to announce it until fall. Well, as I was saying, I wrote to Alice Jevons that day at the club, and told her how fond I was of her. I loved her very hard that day, and I used some strong expressions. I suppose my heart ran away with my pen, so to speak."

To make a short story a little longer, I sat down by the window to direct the envelope. I got to gazing out on the fleecy clouds floating across the blue depths of the sky, and thinking about her, as a man does, you know. Well, I suppose I directed the letter wrong. It never reached her. Instead of that, a month later came a nasty-looking official envelope addressed to 'Loving Tom,' in care of the club. The post office people hadn't been able to find the girl, so they tried to send the drive back to the one who wrote it, and their only clue was the signature and the engraved letter-head.

"Well, nobody at the club could fancy who 'Loving Tom' was, so the house committee opened the envelope. The first thing they saw was 'Dearest Alice,' and the first sentence was absolute insanity. Then they recognized the writing and forbore to read further."

Mr. Man stopped to wipe from his brow the perspiration which sprang forth at the thought of his mortification. "Well, there's just one thing about it," he added thoughtfully, "I'll never again sign myself anything but my full name, even if I live to be a Methuselah and write to Mrs. Methuselah every day."—*New York Tribune.*

He Knew Wine.

The old Charleston good livers were given to boasting of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well known Mr. L., said that he had \$70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State.

At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a grocer's and for a dollar bought a bottle of wine and had it put upon the table as

A Mental Wreck.



Jealous Wife—I wish to consult you confidentially concerning my husband. He seems to be completely infatuated with me, but—
Divorce Lawyer (interrupting)—That is sufficient for a divorce, madam; he is suffering from hallucinations.

a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had, and said:—
"I recognize the vintage—it is 1784. There is nothing better than this in America."

The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he had been sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it "round the corner."

"Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

The man soon appeared and Mr. L. said to him:

"I will hold you harmless if you tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."
"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it off one of your niggers."—*Exchange.*

A Severe Ordeal.

The two ladies had not met for some time and they were vitally interested in each other's welfare.

"I hope your health is better than when I saw you last," said the first.

"No, I grow worse every day," responded her friend despondently.

"Too bad, too bad! What seems to be the matter?"

"No one knows, and the doctors say they cannot tell till after the post mortem."

"Why, how awful! You poor, dear thing! In your weak state you can never live through that."

A Bloodless Duel.

The conference between Corbett and Jackson was somewhat similar to a dispute that occurred not long since in New York between the German driver of an ice wagon and an Irishman with a dray.

"Come out o' that," roared the drayman, "come out of your bloody ice wagon till I bate the ground wid yez, ye lop-eared blaggard."

"Dance to me ye!"

"Look me owit!" howled his antagonist, "look me owit! Oh, chimminy grashus, if somebody make me once mad already I shake me out of my breeches, if she been mine own fadder. Off you get some time it was pedder you runned away before I get me crazy mad!"

"Whoop!" howled the blood-thirsty Celt.

"I AM A NEW MAN."

The Positive Declaration of Mr. Wm. Wilson of Mimico, Ont.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND SAVES ANOTHER LIFE.

ANTIOCH.



When Heaven sends to earth below
A med'cine honest, true;
'Tis meet that all the cured should show
Just what this boon can do.

I thank God that in time of pain
And suffering severe,
I was informed how I might gain
New life, and strength, and cheer.

My shoulders pain'd each day and hour,
My limbs were weak and frail;
My nervous system lack'd in power,
My cheeks were wan and pale.

In agony I lay each day,
Enough to make one weep;
While suffering o'er me held its sway,
I could not rest or sleep.

The doctors failed my case to cure;
Relief I could not gain;
And nostrums, label'd safe and sure,
I swallowed oft in vain.

When clouds of doubt, and dread, and fear,
Did darkly hover round;
'Twas then I heard these words of cheer,
Paine's Celery Compound.

With faith I used the Compound great,
Its virtues quick did show;
Two bottles dragged me from a state
Of misery and woe.

Then, full of hope, I still did use
Paine's Celery Compound;
Determined that I should not lose
The strength that I had found.

To-day, in body and in mind
I am renewed quite;
I am sure that others too will find
Results that give delight.

I'd say to every suffering soul,
Use Celery Compound,
And you will quickly reach the goal
Where health and strength are found.

Children Will Grow Up
To Have a Soft and Healthy Skin

IF THEY USE

BABY'S OWN SOAP



Made out of the finest Castile Soap, and deliciously perfumed, it leaves the skin soft, white and with a deliciously "fresh" feeling.

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Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

APRIL SHOWER.—Please read answer to Ms. M. J.

LUCKY.—You are refined, forceful and a little pessimistic, mentally gifted, not logical, rather intuitive, with energy, determination and pluck. Read over those traits and see if there isn't the makings of a good nurse.

MAI-MAI.—I suppose you saw your study. As to your having written to me a great many times, I am surprised to hear it. Whether a study is fit or not I always tell my correspondents I've received it. You certainly write an awful scrawl, but it's clever.

KENNEL.—An excellently honest and good-tempered person, hopeful, rather confident and frank in speech, but by no means imprudent, a generally off-hand and well-meaning individual, contented with ordinary success, kindly in judgment, with enough energy to get on, and enough self-esteem to be healthy.

GRIMES.—You are good-tempered, sympathetic, fond of beauty, rather careful in speech, persevering, of good sequence of ideas, lacking power and snap, hopeful, slightly ambitious, and very conscientious and truthful. I think you'd be better if you were not quite so easy-going. A few cracks would improve you.

ELISE F.—I am overpowered with your long letter. Six lines, my dear woman, not eight pages, and Saturday isn't spelled Saturday. Perhaps I shouldn't have noticed that, if you're a foreigner, but really your letter has exhausted my patience. I won't discuss the new books with you. I won't tell you what I think of Dodo, and lastly, I won't dedicate your character until I get over your jealousy. The worm will turn, you know. I turn at eight pages of rubbish.

READER, ESTELLE.—I hasten to give you unlimited pleasure, poor little maid, and wish I could so advise you that you might be a great success. Your writing shows much lack of discipline and self-culture, and is very crude and uncertain. You are very easily flattered, but you have a starting will and some force which should be developed to the utmost. You are generous, amiable and very honest and truthful, but your study is not satisfactory to me, it is hard to make much of such immature writing.

LETHE.—I'm so glad you've been introduced to me; you see it prevents your telling me I am a handsome man, as Megardina did. Your writing, like your character, is full of tact, and incapable of double-dealing. You don't study others enough and yourself too much. You are idealistic, rather fond of society, honest, just and not apt to arrive quickly at conclusions. An upright, constant, matter-of-fact and sensible person, affectionate, generous, and rather inclined to conversation. It matters little what kind of a pen one uses; certain hands need a fine point; yours certainly agrees with a stub.

MARION.—A very strong feeling in common with aims and ends similar and mutual appreciation, led to the innumerable wrong-doing. Better be candid. A wrong is a wrong, a sin is a sin; never mind about the excuse and circumstances, the fact is there. At the same time you can enjoy those books with a clear conscience. Some of them are exceedingly precious to me. 2. Your writing shows a sentiment but not much culture. You are of the sensitive, easily cast down and nervous temperament, fond of sympathy, social intercourse, a bright and erratic mentality. I should say you are in need of a very steady and practical nature for her alter ego.

ANNA BRATRICK, New Brunswick.—1. You are not alone in your admiration of Toronto, which is getting quite a name as a pretty summer city. You are quite right in your idea that the people of the West are more approachable than the far Easterners. The English exclusiveness still lingers down there, though they are rare good folk, when you know them. 2. Your writing shows a great deal of quiet force, tenacity of opinion and firmness of will. You love beauty in all forms and have considerable artistic taste, with culture, refinement, vivacity and high sense of honor. You are slightly impulsive and should be fond of and beloved by a wide circle of friends. A very womanly woman.

BLACK AND WHITE.—What an uncomfortable position you have me in! Always sitting on some of my own sex in this column. I am willing to leave it to you; any fair-minded person if that isn't a gross libel. And you think if I stood on you could be off-hand! You're so terribly sharp, I'd sooner stand on a carpet tack! And yet, in spite of your cruel columns I must confess to tell you that your writing is both interesting and delightful. It shows excellent reasoning power, rather an ambitious, luxury loving, and tenacious nature, discreet to caution, and never apt to let your heart run away with your head. Much sense of humor, and a generally bright and independent mind are yours. You are clever and rather sensible of the fact, forceful and practical and a wee bit selfish.

FOURLEAF.—Your character will certainly not be a very bad one, my prince. You are a bit of a dreamer, and couldn't conduct an argument to save your life. You love pretty things, are fond of an easy time, a little fanciful and dainty, with lots of go and energy, originality, and careful and good method. You have strong social instincts, and are gentle but a little apt to be flippant and subject to moods. I think you're very young.



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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUNDE SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

FIRST of his kind, rare and unequalled, Sol Smith Russell is entertaining large audiences, drawn from all over Ontario, at the Grand this week. There is a charm in his quaint character drawings that no person can well resist. Whether we recall his poor inventor, lank, shabby and child like in his innocence, or his gawky farmer with ambitions that elude him, there is about him a pathos and a humor all his own. The inventor, contending with hunger in a daily struggle, yet finding time and means to amuse and support two deserted children, partaking of their little tragedies and joys with an interest real as their own, meets, for himself and his invention, rebuffs at every point. When at last a great success seems really within his grasp, he finds that he has been robbed of his documents and designs, but even then the loving-kindness of the man is such that he would pass the catastrophe over with a light remark and apologize for a slight confusion of his speech. Famed for lack of food, he excuses his emaciated appearance and weak condition on the ground of dyspepsia, superinduced by excessive eating. But there is something hysterical in the ready laughter of the audience at this period of the play. There is a deeply human touch in the Poor Relation's absurd clinging to self-respect through all his hardships. He fears to accept the light refreshments that even a wealthy man might accept in his place, lest it should be inferred that he stood in need of sustenance. So the simple man reveals himself unto us, so God-made and admirable in his simplicity that he strikes us as grotesque. He seems to belong less to real life than to the little world and race of men that Dickens created out of the gutter-mud of London. The inventor has the simplicity of Joe the Blacksmith in Pip, and encounters undesired trials like Little Nell. It will not do, however, to say that these things are not of life. The master-writer of fiction took a virtue or a vice, and after dissociating it from other elements of character magnified it until it filled the eye. And so with this inventor. Surely we can each in our experience recall some man wedded to a dream of perfecting some new idea and sacrificing everything real for a shadow, yet rarifying his soul by his chasteiments until his personality became beautiful. It is not uncommon to find this sort of man with his virtues not less in number but deficient in degree. The ordinary man of clay resents oppressions and rebuffs and presently snarls back at a snarling generation. He warps and splutters in the heat to which he is exposed, and merits no blame. The company supporting the comedian is perhaps better than any he has had with him for some time, though very little is required of it.

Owing to the illness of one of Mr. Russell's leading ladies it became necessary to send to New York for a substitute, and the presentation of the Heir-at-Law was prevented. The company will play at the Grand all next week to enable visitors to see Mr. Russell, and it is hoped that the lady who is ill will be so far improved as to permit of the Heir-at-Law being staged next Friday and Saturday. A Poor Relation will be put on first half of the week, with probably one additional performance of Peaceful Valley.

A Baggage Check is an amusing farce-comedy and as an entertainment excels any of those melodramas that come upon us so thick and fast. A farce-comedy makes no pretense of being sensible for a moment. It strives for ridiculous effects, while the melodrama of to-day attains the same effects where they are absolutely fatal by placing in the hands of people unpossessed of the first dramatic instinct, parts demanding dramatic treatment. We have seen The Silver King degenerate into rubbish in unfit hands, yet no one can seriously deny that there are plays which actors could never by their talents exalt above the level of trash. Yet an inartistic thing, inartistically treated, will draw as well as another. The author of a farce-comedy may be a lunatic if he likes, so long as he keeps things humming. It is required of him that he shall amuse, rather than point a moral. A Baggage Check moves briskly from the start and amuses all the way through. Arthur E. Moulton, whose facial action and stage voice recall De Wolf Hopper to mind, becomes a very entertaining person in the second and third acts. He sings some good comic songs, and new ones as a rule. Lucius B. Jackson as Robin Steele, a very tall and thin gentleman of uncertain station in life, is a pleasantly original figure, and sings a nice sentimental song about a noisy little boy who would not keep quiet, but at last died and left the world utterly quiet and still for his parents. It is a sweet song and the singer treats it with an unusually exact feeling. Many songs are sung, most of them good enough, but the Italian caterwauling should be cut out of the piece, for Blanche Nicholls can do better things than that.

Arthur C. Sidman, in A Summer Shower, opened the Academy of Music this week, playing to very good houses and entertaining the

people to the king's taste. This house is now controlled by Mr. Robinson, who was the original proprietor of the Musee, and he being a hustler and his representative, Manager Stairs, being not a whit less energetic, we may expect the Academy to do better this season than it has ever yet done.

Audiences at the Auditorium are well pleased in every respect. The concert Monday afternoon drew a crowded house, and at night hundreds were turned away. Celeste presents one of the most finished acts of the kind ever seen in this city. Collins and McDell present a refined musical act replete with fun and original ideas. Clark and Angeline make a positive hit, and the comical work of John F. Clark keeps the audience in convulsions. Leonzo is a graceful juggler whose work is clean and interesting from start to finish. George McDell is a very funny comedian, and in the sketch of Ma Look at Him he is very comical. Prof. Higgins and his ventriloquism with other features make up an entertainment which, while full of fun, contains not a single objectionable feature. All new show next week.

Manager Small, of Jacobs & Sparrow's, made it a point to have something good for the second week of the Fair, and so secured McFadden's Elopement, the new farce-comedy by Frank Dumont, staged and owned by Davis & Keogh. It is claimed for it that it embraces a number of new features and situations, and at least this we know, that with John Kernell as



John Kernell as McFadden.

leading actor there will be plenty of fun. He is an irresistibly ridiculous Irishman, and it is safe to promise that visitors who go to see him will not be disappointed. Sherman Wade, Dan Waldron, Mollie Thompson and other capable vaudeville people are in the company.

A Cracker Jack is the title of a comedy surprise that will be seen at the Academy of Music next week. All lovers of surprises have a treat in store, as the piece is overflowing with merriment, while the dramatic situations are uncommonly good and at times very thrilling. The music has been written expressly for this production by Prof. Henry Tucker, and great care was observed in the selection of players, among whom are Harry Traves, Frank E. Baker and Gus C. Wunberg.

The Adventures of Bob Moon.

No. 3.—By Mack.

Our hero always regarded his sojourn in the Republic of Molivia, South America, as one of the most interesting experiences of his chequered life. For a rough fellow, and one who made his living by engaging in risky enterprises of one sort and another, Bob took a surprising interest in social and political questions. This was, no doubt, owing to his early experiences at home, when he endeavored to assist old David into places of honor. He was one of those naturally apt fellows who by some intuitive process acquire a pretty fair idea of things without waiting for oral or printed information.

When, therefore, having had a dispute with the officers of a vessel whereon he was acting as supercargo, he left it at a seaport town in Molivia, he soon picked up the language and sized up the political condition of the republic.

He heard how the president had acquired office by raising an army and driving the forces of his predecessor from field to field until all were dispersed, whereupon he was installed amid acclamation. Bob decided to introduce the ballot into Molivia and figured upon gaining some high office by his knowledge of how states were managed in North America. But when he broached his scheme to the Governor of the sub province wherein he was located, he was astonished at his reception. "What," cried the Governor, sharpening his sword on a silver-mounted whetstone that hung from his girdle, "would you dare counsel us to restore the pernicious and false methods of rule long since abandoned in this progressive republic? I have whittled off finer heads than thine for lesser treason."

Moon assured the star-eyed and effulgent lord that he must misunderstand him. His proposal was to confer upon Molivia a system of representative government similar to that found in North America, in which every honest citizen would have a vote and election would depend upon a majority of ballots rather than upon supremacy in arms.

"Were you a native," said the Governor, preserving an awful calm of demeanor, "your hollow and echoing head would, ere you could have finished that harangue, have been rattling on the end of the pole before my door. But you come from the barbarous and concealed north and cannot know in your pride of ignorance that Molivia has outgrown and abolished more than a generation ago the very system you suggest. The ballot put this republic back one hundred years in its progress. It bred laziness and cowardice in the land and our men became women. Valor died, and honor too, and the man of high enterprise shriveled up until he became content if he grew a small patch of grain in summer sufficient to keep the fires of his ignoble life burning in the winter. But patriots arose who

wiped the system out, and I would caution thee against attempting to restore it. Go!"

Bob went. He found on examining the building outside that it really was the Governor's residence and not an asylum for insane. Had he not heard representative government spoken of as a thing to die for, and had not men died for it in Canada, whence he came? He resolved to study the question, and he did, with the result that within a year he became a convert to the Molivian system of politics.

He found that the state had possessed, thirty years previously, a system of representative government and election by ballot, as perfect as could be devised. But every four years there came a period of such utter unrest that all commerce was disorganized. Theoretically every man had a vote, which he was entitled to deposit in secret, but practically two small and cunning groups of men in the chief city bossed the whole electorate. With brazen impudence they took it for granted that they had a right to direct the consciences and guide the ballots of men in the most remote parts. The Pedro party sent out organizers in all directions and by promising rewards to these and by empowering them to promise rewards to others in each locality, they organized a force which had for its real object the aggrandizement of Pedro and his friends. They coined slogans, and the poor fools who cried these catch phrases vainly flattered themselves that they were actuated by economic and moral principles, when in fact they were merely the despised tools of a compact of men at the capital. It was the same with the Euche party. Its leaders also sent out organizers and established local bureaus and secretaries of prejudice and promises of plunder, until between the two the people of the republic were sorted out so distinctly that, at election times, there might as well have been but two men on the voters' lists, Pedro and Euche themselves. It was not representative government at all, for despite what men thought, they voted as they were directed, often for the most contemptible men. Each leader having secured half the people as followers, who stood by them through every changing circumstance of policy and through every violation of promises solemnly made, it followed that elections always resulted in a tie vote, whereupon Pedro and Euche (in default of any superior court competent to decide so ticklish a matter) always settled the presidency by a Greco-Roman wrestling match, best three out of five, in the center of the great Parliamentary square. Whoever won, ruled for the ensuing four years. Various attempts were made to devise a more dignified method of arbitration, but no court acceptable to the rival factions could be instituted. Then Euche, who held power, tried to gain an advantage by appointing biased and unfair election agents, but so well was he checked that the election resulted in a tie as before. Pedro, a very persuasive and magnetic individual, determined to make converts to his cause, and for a year he traveled the republic to the sound of music, and talked in patriotic terms, rallying his friends and reasoning with those hitherto opposed to him. The next election was a tie as before. His tour through the country had been a magnificent triumph, but he had not altered a vote. How long this deadlock would have been continued none could say, for as men died their sons inherited their party fealty, and when a follower of Euche was blessed with a male child the nearest Pedro adherent, by fervent prayer, found a similar blessing. Before showing how relief was at last found and why relief was sought, let me briefly premise the other evils that representative government inflicted upon the state.

Whether Pedro or Euche were in power, the president for the time being felt called upon to reverse whatever order of things his adversary had established, so after a month or two of election excitement during which the healthy operations of trade were suspended, there came a period of uncertainty as to what would be done, which ruined trade completely. No matter how satisfactory might be the condition in which the retiring president left affairs, his successor never failed to change everything completely; but, satisfied or not, injured or benefited by the legislation of friend or foe, the voters voted as they had always done. The advocacy of a superior policy profited nothing to either leader, for the people were as deaf to reason as the dull earth they trod upon. But in the frantic efforts made by each leader to win over some of his opponent's followers, all varieties of corruption were practiced, perjury, personation and bribery becoming light and laughable offences. In this way the state deteriorated at its core. But the end came finally, as a pestilence growing in secret must burst forth at last, and as decay spreading unchecked through a living body must at last lay it prone.

Euche, perceiving how immutably fixed was the party division in the country, came to the conclusion that as a tie vote seemed likely to always result, the Greco-Roman wrestle became the strategic point which it was necessary for him to win. So he let the people alone and deserted the hustings for the gymnasium. For three successive terms he floored Pedro at every grapple and ruled the land with growing insolence, after which a great scandal was unearthed. It was discovered that he had secured from a Japanese tea-merchant several foreign (and, therefore, unconstitutional) trips, against which the native resources of Pedro were unavailing. Thus for three terms he had wrongfully ruled Molivia.

Pedro, burning with indignation, flew to arms and soon the country was ablaze with civil war. There were two million souls exactly on each side, but in the end Pedro won, owing to his superior military skill, and became president. He decided that the tariff of a country was a minor matter and that it should hereafter remain forever unchanged. And it having been determined that one man's vote was as good as another's, while his sword was quite inferior, therefore the ballot was inadequate as a means of finding out the potential desires of a country. Hence for thirty years Molivia has had no elections, but resorts to what we would call civil war when a change of rule is thought desirable.

If a too ambitious man goes off at half-cock and rises in arms to gain the presidency, when



no change is desirable, he is now put down and loses his head, instead of living as he formerly would have done to eighty years of age, a talker of blue ruin and a source of agony to friends and opponents alike. Instead of financial depression resultant from an election and the evil effects of a disturbed tariff, these wars leave the country in a state of increased activity. Towns have to be restored, forts and villages rebuilt and for this labor there is a reduced supply of workmen. Instead of men indulging, all their lives, ungratified and self-damaging hatreds against individuals, these recurrent wars permit men to ease their feelings without resource to crime, for murder is the purpose of war and is made not only excusable but compulsory. If a man must shoot and kill an opposing soldier, he might as well shoot the one who cheated him in a land deal as another who did not. It is presumed that in a sound state Right is sure to acquire Might, and so when a president becomes unpopular he is soon driven forth by the sword. A light carriage, invariable courage and usually a chivalric honor have since the introduction of the sword become characteristic of a people who under the ballot were swinish adherents of party, perjured and corrupt.

Charmed with the ideal system of government, I have dwelt upon it at length and must in a few words state, rather than properly record, as I intended doing, how Bob Moon went the Molivians one better and became a rich man in a day. Gomez had ruled long and had grown offensive when Perez raised his banner against him and was sweeping the President's forces along like chaff. Bob Moon saw the devastation on every side, and not as yet thoroughly acclimated, it filled him with regrets. He owned a large cattle ranch near a provincial town, whence the inhabitants had fled on the approach of the insurgents. Moon armed himself to the teeth and rode into the place just as the army, having plundered the residences and shops for souvenirs, was about to destroy the town by fire. He enquired for General Campo and found him readily.

"What do you propose doing?" "I mean to burn the town, of course," answered the general in amazement, that being the duty imposed upon a patriotic soldier at every opportunity, in the interests of the building trade.

"Three hours hence there will be nothing here but ashes, I suppose," Bob ventured.

"Nothing." "Well, your object being to destroy the place and its destruction being an election incident and an election expense which will benefit the country later on, and your enemies not being anywhere near, I have a proposal to make. I am a foreigner and not entitled to share in the domestic difference now under way, but I would ask what is the good of sending up in smoke such sales of merchandise as these stores contain?"

"It is imposed upon us both by our rules of military tactics and the constitution of the state, for you see these stores have to be rebuilt, which benefits the workmen, and new goods have to be bought, which benefits the wholesale dealers."

"Sound doctrine," assented Bob, "and in my own country labor and wealth demand similar favors at the expense of the state, but would it not suit every purpose if you should leave, say, a company of men here for three hours with instructions to set the place on fire at the end of that time, permitting me in the meantime to load up some goods and take them out of the country? I am only ten miles from the frontier, and the company you leave here could escort me across the border to see that I do not dishonestly keep the goods in Molivia."

It required considerable argument, but at last the agreement was made and Bob went to his ranch and drove up three hundred steers (he always said it was a mercy he had "broken them in" that spring) and loaded them down with the richest wares of the town. He figured that with the steers and the goods he crossed the border of Molivia that day worth forty thousand dollars, for he had the contents of two jewelry stores with him among other goods. It was the greatest caravan South America ever saw. And I thought that our political economists might draw a lesson from the strange customs of Molivia.

September.

For Saturday Night.

The summer draws again into its close,
The morning haze is hanging o'er the hill,
The golden-rod is blazing on the hill,
And withered is the latest summer rose.
Beyond the wood the shrunken river flows
In sluggish stream, with every ripple still,
As waiting for the autumn rains to fill
The swampy sources where the river grows.
So when the autumn of our life shall come
And draw us near our earthly harvest home,
Let some bright flower come out and fill the place
Of youthful pleasures and recreating grace;
And let the promise of a life to be
Drown pain of time in hope's futurity.

HARCOURT.

Sonnet.

The orisons winds have guessed the secret wall;
The sunshine found what in my heart was hid.
The bees, the birds, the loud-voiced katydid
Have battled it. The butterflies could tell
The whole long story to the silent dell.
The babbling brook has gossiped it aloud
To the exulting, wide-eyed, flowery crowd,
Who wondered why the daisy's petals fell.

The trumpet flowers which nod so knowingly,
Have sounded it through all the meadow-land;
The very stars shine out the mystery;
The ocean breaks the news along the strand.
O! loved one, dost thou neither hear nor see?
Or is it that thou wilt not understand?
—Laura Spencer Porter in Godey's.

A Retrospect.

For Saturday Night.

Is it also to be a lady
And attend the grandest balls?
Perhaps, dear sir, it should be,
But fond memory recalls
Happy faces, hot and dusky,
Golden tresses like the flax,
In a side street, close and musty,
Chewing gum and playing "Jack."
And I'd scorn your balls and dinners,
Streams of carriages and hacks,
To rejoin those little snappers,
Chewing gum and playing "Jack!"
—ERNEST E. LINDH.

A Reverie.

For Saturday Night.

As I sit by the graves of my cherished ambitions
And muse on mirages that brightened the past,
I am lost in amazement at the trifling conditions
Which bind our endeavors in earth chains so fast.
It was easy in childhood to dream of Fame's prospect,
In landscapes all radiant, in youth's ravished sight;
It was easy to reckon on stern moral conquest,
When winged Hope flew godward with conscious delight.
What clay in the flavor of such honeyed sweetness,
Ere the first draught of wormwood embittered the taste?
What lack in the boundaries of earth's round completeness
Ere the soul caught the glimpse of sin's dreary waste?
The bright filmy web of each sanguine creation
Swift spun in the warmth of a midsummer sun,
May break in the grasp of a sordid temptation
Or vanish in mist ere the short day is done.
Oh, who can predict from the morrow's gay insistence
That evening will wane with a calm sunset sky?
Or who can declare all the transient existence
Of Nature's frail beauty which gladdens the eye?
But the past is immortal nor ever yet perished,
In blind-eyed oblivion's fashionless deep;
We shall meet them again, the fond hopes that we cherished
When all trammeled spirits are waking from sleep.
We shall meet them in glad recognition and tender,
The shadows uplifted which hid them from sight;
We shall greet them in welcome and joyous surrender
When memory bathes in kind Heaven's pure light.
—MARIE EDITH BAYRON.

Dead, My Lords.

Dead, my lords and gentlemen!—
Stilled the tongue, and stayed the pen;
Check unflushed and eye unlit—
Done with life, and glad of it.
Curb your praises now as then;
Dead, my lords and gentlemen—
What he wrought found its reward
In the tolerance of the Lord.
Ye who fain had barred his path,
Dead ye now this look he hath—
Dead, my lords and gentlemen—
Dare ye not smile back again?
Low he lies, yet high and great
Looms he, lying thus in state—
How exalted o'er ye when
Dead, my lords and gentlemen!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Between You and Me.

There is in each one of us a certain amount of force, power and capacity, but in many it lies unapplied, useless, like the natural gas one reads of, which, imprisoned for centuries, is now in this latter day drawn from the dark places below and made a brilliant blessing in many a progressive town and city. To every human creature come opportunities great or small, when it is necessary to arise in one's might and make hay while the sun shines. Hysterical effort is not what is needed, but a call upon that hidden force, a steady application of it wisely directed, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, success. A belief in the hidden force is the one thing needful at first, then an understanding how to use it, one's heart and one's head working together, and again I say—success! But everyone doesn't succeed, you object. No, because everyone doesn't use heart and head. There are obstacles which require but one brave "boost" to overturn them. There are others, like thickets of thorn, that require careful cutting and separating to win one's way through. There are, again, others that have to be lifted one by one and patiently carried away, until the path is cleared to those golden heights that shine above the valley of endeavor and the rushing stream of tears. What's the use of trying to overturn people's prejudices? Where's the sense in wounding oneself in trying to break through with bare hands the thorny hedges of conceit and pride? Ah, no! if such things stand in our way to success and the hidden force impels us to pass over and through them, there are ways of doing so less trying and more successful, only requiring a little thinking, a little consideration. It is beautiful to succeed, but it takes both the head and the heart to achieve success.

A little penitent child stands near me as I write, with the wreck of a plaything in his grimy hands, and when I say, "But you knew it wasn't strong enough to hold you," he says in the broken baby voice that tells of coming tears. "But I didn't flink." There are many worse breaks than that of the child's toy wagon, which come from not "flinking," and one can see them all around this city any day of the week. And not everybody will combat the assertion of the grieving baby, who when I asked him why he hadn't thought said with self-disgust, "My flinking machine's no good." One can laugh at the baby, but what is one going to do with the grown-up babies whose "flinking machines" are no good? They are all the failures and miseries one sees with debt and poverty sitting on their hearthstones, with discouragement growing like moss all over them, with nature deteriorating and principles getting porous, all the people out of work, and sponging on neighbors and tradesmen, all because their "flinking machines" are no good, needing the oil of common sense and the power of high purpose to set them to turning out thoughts that will lead to success.

Have you ever seen a bush fire, such as the despatches are recording from the West, where the land is wrapped in suffocation and Death, like Eljah, rides in a chariot of fire? Once I had such an experience, the like of which I hope never to repeat. We were driving through the bush country as fast as the panting engine could drag us, and it was hot, parched, midsummer weather. We passed dry river beds and blackened fields, and plunged between belts of timber, in the far country, where even the shade was hot, even the green of the trees a dull gray from the dust of over two months' drought. A spicy suffocation was in the air; one slept in spite of discomfort; one's brain seemed as heavy as lead and one's eyelids would not stay open. Then, suddenly, when the suffocation became painful we stopped, everyone struggled up from lolling attitudes, the air was still and everyone listening intently. Presently there came a roar and a snapping sound and a long, shrill shriek from a woman that made our blood run cold. "Fire," she screamed, "I smell fire. Listen! I hear it." The men rushed from the doors, people fell over one another, and over all the tumult and hurry I heard a sound like cackling laughter and an ominous roar, and I saw the woman who had screamed gather her two babies in her arms and begin to pray.

Then the brakeman came and locked us women in the car and closed the ventilators, and we looked helplessly at him, and then we saw through the windows strange forms, coatless, hatless, tearing away the rude logs of the snake fences and piling them in the ditches, and some of the strange forms ran into the forest and beat down the tall trees, and presently I saw a little tongue of yellow light leaping from the top of a tall tree, and it came dancing through the boughs, and there came another, and the woman beside me said, "O, my God! My husband is cut there. I will go to him," and she dashed at the window, to break her way out, but fell, overcome with the torrid breath of the fire, before we could rouse ourselves to hold her. It was so hot, and the babies cried and the mother prayed over them, and I sat looking through the window, and the queer figures worked always towards the fire. Presently the woman's husband came back, and the brakeman helped him into the car; he was such a sight, with blood on his hands and his hair all singed off on one side, and a cut on his forehead, that his bride gave a tremendous yell and straightway fainted. The brakeman left him to our care and commended our courage, and told us the danger was over, but that the engine was in a culvert, into which the burnt support had let it tumble. He was so cheery, with his head tied up in a wet rag and his face as black as soot, that one felt like hugging him. "Can't we do anything?" "Yes, miss, you can do the hardest work of all; sit still here and wait," and he popped out again to his mates. For weeks after that awful hour I used to dream of the fire, and see the blistering glass of the flames over an unusually dry and snappy tree. One doesn't yearn for any more bush fires, I can assure you, and one chokes yet at the memory of the smoke one inhaled and prefers a death of almost any other sort than suffocation.

LADY GAY.

The Test of Talk.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in *Harper's Bazar*.

We are all unconsciously testing ourselves, all the time, for the information of those around us, and one of the most familiar tests is that of talk. Emerson says that every man reveals himself at every moment; it is he himself, and nobody else, who assigns his position.

"Each the herald is who wrote
His rank and quartered his own coat."

(That is, arranged his escutcheon or coat of arms, deciding his position). After spending an hour in the dark with a stranger, we can classify him pretty surely as to education, antecedents, and the like, unless he has had the wit to hold his tongue. Then he is inscrutable. In Coleridge's well known anecdote the stranger at the dinner table would forever have remained a dignified and commanding figure, had not the excellence of the apple-dumplings called him for a moment forth from his shell to utter the fatal words, "Them's the jockeys for me." After that the case was hopeless; he had betrayed himself in five words. Of course the speaker might still have been a saint or a hero at heart, but so far as it went the test was conclusive. In Howell's *Lady of the Aroostook* the young men were appalled at hearing the only young lady on board remark, as an expression of surprise, that she "wanted to know." It pointed unerringly, they thought, to a rusticity of breeding. In time she developed other qualities, and one or both of them fell in love with her; nevertheless, there was a certain justice in their inference. Holmes, varying an old line, says that "the woman who cal'lates is lost," and it is undoubtedly true that we classify a newcomer, without delay, by his language.

What we do not always recognize is that there are grades in this classification. If a stranger begins by saying, "We was," or "He done it," we assign him a low place in the schoolroom of education. He may be a member of Congress, a college professor; no matter,

young friend of mine, when, having climbed to the top of a stage coach in order to be near a certain celebrated pulpit orator, not now living, she heard him remark to his little daughter, "Sis, do you set comfortable where you be?"

In his case, and in many such cases, this was

than in substance. It is to be remembered, too, that the language with which we have most to do is a peculiarly whimsical and inconsistent one, where accuracy is largely a matter of good custom and where mere grammatical consistency may often lead us astray unless we are constantly in touch with usage.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.
Scene in Muskoka—Boys in Girls' Bathing Suits. Photo by A. Gauder.

probably a mere reversion to the habits of childhood, in familiar talk. It is not likely that he would have said the same in the pulpit. I have heard an eminent professor of rhetoric use language almost as lax when off his guard in his own class-room. This illustrates the fact that our talk is, after all, quite as much a matter of social training as of intellectual instruction. We learn language mainly by ear, and speak good or bad English long before we have looked into a grammar. Hence

and that the best usage. Thus in writing, "into" is good form, but "onto" looks illiterate, although no reason can be given for the difference. Society finds "he ain't" unpardonable, while "he don't," though still questionable, is excused. Then there are differences of locality. The educated American says "It is he," while the educated Englishman still perverts it to "It is him," and tries to defend it. The same Englishman is astounded when he hears Ameri-

clean and well cut enunciation, but we are holding out fairly well against the deluge of the coarser class of English words, such as "rot" and "beastly." Nor do we often emulate that high-born young Englishwoman who informed a friend of mine, her hostess, that the potatoes were nasty, and on being cautioned that in America we only apply this phrase to something very greasy and offensive, replied that this was precisely what she meant.

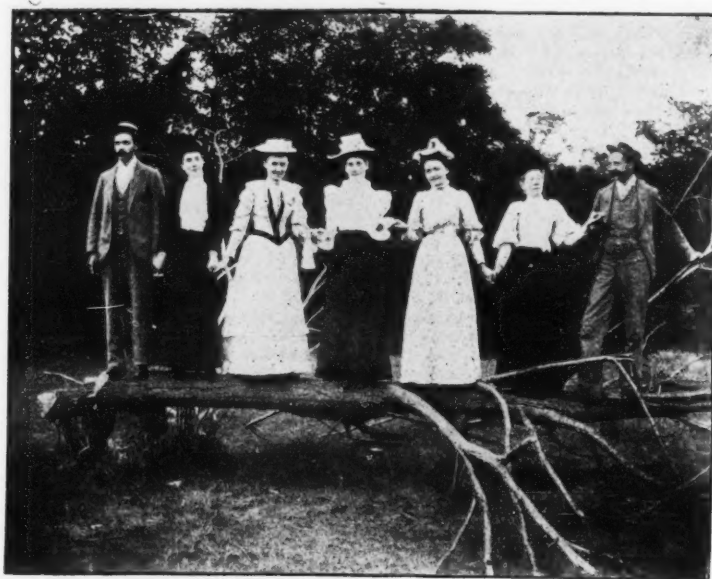
A Frozen River.

The veil of night is drifting slowly down and already beginning to envelope with its murky folds the slender river and the quiet town that has grown upon its brink. The trees tremble and sigh over the drooping, dying flowers whom all the hot weary day they have tried to shelter from the burning glare overhead.

The breath of the roses pungent with sweetness rises up to the ivied window from which gleams forth the fair face of a young girl. A beautiful face, pale and pure, no color save the coral lips and the great dark eyes. The hair dusky and curling falls in waves on the white moist brow and floats down her shoulders in numberless ringlets.

Before her lies the summer garden with its wealth of floral bloom, but she sees it not. What does she see to give that look of horror to the pale, clear cut face, to fill those eyes with shuddering dread? She sees the river, their own quietly flowing river, but no longer flowing. It is white and frozen as in winter, all white except one great black chasm from whose darkness gleams a pale dead face. A quiet face with a wealth of dusky hair. Her own face! A great shudder seizes upon her, she closes her eyes against the dreadful sight. When she reopens them the summer garden is lying before her with its hot drooping flowers.

"What was it?" she asks herself. A mere fancy, an optical illusion perhaps. Thus the question is answered and the dark water gurgling around the dead face is soon driven from



VIEW ON BEAR CREEK PICNIC GROUNDS.
Photo by J. D. McKinnon, Strathroy.

the inference is the same. His moral, his natural intellect, may rank him far above our heads, yet on the side of refined training there is something to be missed. But a great many persons who would be far from any such grammatical misadventures might still use smaller inelegancies which would also classify them in the ears of the fastidious. They might say, for instance, "cute," or "I don't know as," or "a great ways." Nine-tenths of us, according

to Mr. Howells, would use some of these phrases, but there is no question that they will grate upon the ears of the other tenth. They do not touch the morals, the intelligence, the essential good manners, of those who use them; they simply classify such persons as having reached a certain grade of cultivation, and no farther. When heard, they cause a certain dismay, such as once came to an ardent



THE ELLESTERE BICYCLE CLUB.
Photo by J. H. Gillard.

cans say "gotten," and does not himself discover that it is archaic phrase, Scriptural, but mainly disused in our Northern States, as in England, until it migrated from Virginia northward after the civil war. One of the few phrases that still remain as the shibboleth of an Englishman is his saying "different to" instead of "different from." Another is "directly I went" rather than "directly after I went." It shows how skin-deep is our

memory by the pressure of newer and fairer thoughts.

The year is fast growing old and will soon fade away in the frozen chill of winter. The garden lies bare and leafless, its slender plants borne down by great heaps of snow. But the heart of the girl who gazed upon it that summer evening has gained unutterable happiness even as beauty faded from the land. "He will come to-night," she whispers, and her face flushes even in the twilight.

The little newsboys are running along the street calling their papers, their voices echoing shrilly through the frosty air. She runs out and buys a paper. It will help to beguile the time until she shall see that one to whom she has given all the wealth of her pure heart. She opens the paper and her glance is caught by the words, "Romantic elopement." She reads on and her heart grows cold with anguish. What has given her this strange numbness of nerve and sense? Only the name in the paragraph, the name of the ardent lover, that of her affianced husband. Her gaze grows fixed and calm, the memory of a frozen river with a dark chasm rises cold and grim before her. "It will quench them forever," she murmurs, "my life and my sorrow."

The morning breaks clear and brilliant on the quiet town with its leafless trees, its gleaming spires, and its frost bound river. But beneath that river whose spotless purity hides the cruel waters, there sleeps one for whom the morning will never break again.

HELENE RIVIERE.

Not Her Line.

She was the "lady reporter" of the *Daily Planetary System*, and she was "doing" her first baseball game. "Can you tell me, sir," she enquired of a benign-looking old gentleman who sat next to her, "can you tell me why they have two umpires?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied with dignified courtesy. "It is in order that whenever one of them is crippled or killed by an infuriated player the game may not be unnecessarily delayed."

And that evening, as the editor lit his editorial pipe with the choicest paragraph in her copy, he assigned her to the underwear article again, to the bitter disappointment of a young man of ideas who wished to make himself famous as a reporter in that branch of journalism.—*Exchange*.

The Lady-Killer.

Accepted Suitor—Lieutenant, may I introduce you to my intended?

Lieutenant—Very rash of you, don't you think, my dear fellow?—*Meggendorfer Blatter*



DUCKS AND GESE, CENTER ISLAND, TORONTO.
Photo by C. H. Rygg.

twice her years and four times her real mental training. It is not altogether easy to explain this phenomenon, but there is no question about the fact. Probably the constant practice of "society" has much to do with it, and the fact of being constantly face to face with those to whom talking, even of the most trashy and superficial character, has become second nature, and is therefore better in form

alleged Anglicism that we hold our own so inflexibly on these points. Probably we are influencing the English in these ways more than they are affecting us, and not always beneficially; it is now, for instance, more common to see "I expect" used for "I think" by a good English writer than by a good American writer. We are acquiring, it is to be hoped, something more of the English habit of

Short Stories Retold.

SPECIMENS OF COURT ROOM WIT.

Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together, in the old times, and came upon a gibbet. "Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?" "Faith, I should be traveling alone!"

An irascible old judge, being annoyed by a young lawyer's speaking to him about a legal point in the street, threatened to fine him for contempt of court if he did not cease to annoy. "Why, judge," said the lawyer, "you are not in session." "I'd have you know that this court is always in session, and consequently always a subject of contempt."

A young lawyer talked four hours to an Indiana jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

Baron Maule once rebuked the arrogance of Mr. Cresswell, who had been treating the bench with a lack of courtesy, in the following terms: "Mr. Cresswell, I am perfectly willing to admit my vast inferiority to yourself. Still, I am a vertebrate animal, and for the last half-hour you have spoken to me in language which God Almighty himself would hesitate to address to a black beetle."

Chief Justice Richardson of New Hampshire, was ready to abandon one of his own rulings, if argument had convinced him that it was not tenable—a readiness not relished by some lawyers. That great lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, was once pressing a point on the judge with his usual force. "Brother Mason," said the judge, "the impression of the court is in your favor." "Yes," retorted Mason, "but I want your honor to stick!"

In arguing a point before a judge of the superior court, Colonel Folk of the Mountain Circuit in North Carolina laid down a very doubtful proposition of law. The judge eyed him a moment and queried: "Colonel Folk, do you think that is law?" The colonel gracefully bowed and replied: "Candor compels me to say I do not, but I did not know how it would strike your honor." The judge deliberated a few moments and gravely said: "That may not be contempt of court, but it is a close shave."

In a trial before Judge Bowen at Del Norte, Colorado, one of the parties was represented by Judge Hamm and the other by C. D. Hayt, now of the Colorado supreme bench. A Mexican juror, regularly sworn, asked to be excused from service. "Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the court. "Well, chuch," said the Mexican, "me—no—understand—good—English." "That's no excuse," answered the judge, with assumed severity: "nobody's going to talk to you but Judge Hamm and Charlie Hayt, and they don't either of them speak good English."

A lawyer by the name of Mayne, who was a highly respected but decidedly heavy person, had risen to a judgeship, while Jeffrey Keller, who had entered on his legal career at about the same time with Mayne, but was more noted as a wit than as a lawyer, was still much in want of clients and fees. The latter was in a court-room one day, when Mayne was solemnly presiding, and he turned to a friend who sat beside him and plucked at his sleeve. "See there!" he whispered: "there sits Mayne, risen by his gravity, and here sits Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that, I'd like to know!"

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. "Ah, my lord," said the culprit, making a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

Attorney—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. Reluctant Witness—I've told you everything of any consequence. "You have told me that you said to him, 'Jones, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin' little yee-havin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed shyster lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself?" "That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

Erskine once had a client named Bolt, whose character having been traduced by the other side, Erskine confidently assured the jury that he was known among his neighbors as "Bolt upright." He opened a certain coach accident case in this wise: "Gentlemen of the jury, my client is a respectable Liverpool merchant, and the defendant, Mr. Wilson, keeps The Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, a sign seemingly emblematic of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his coaches." Once he told a jury that the plaintiff, the owner of a wild beast show, claiming damages

The Kitchen Tyrant.



Father—The teacher complained to me that you never know your lessons. What do you do after school anyway?
Son (whimpering)—I had to write two love letters to the cook before she would give me anything to eat.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

for the loss of a trunk, "ought to have followed the example of his own sagacious elephant and traveled with his trunk before him."

The sarcastic Justice Maule did not spare his judicial brethren. "I do not believe," he said to the counsel once, "that any such absurd law has ever been laid down, although it is true that I have not yet seen the last number of the Queen's Bench Reports." When a witness was telling an impossible story, and declared that he could not tell a lie, for he had been wedded to truth from his infancy, Justice Maule observed, "Yes, but the question is, How long have you been a widower?" The counsel who objected to a bill of costs in a case before Justice Maule and a jury, declared that the account was a "diabolical bill." The judge told the jury, however, that even if the statement of counsel were true, it was still their duty to "give the devil his due."

Autumn Fabrics.

THE first instalments of new woollens for autumn dresses are received before summer is ended, and commend themselves even at this early date by their exceedingly light weight. This lightness is a feature of various goods—as camel's-hair, ladies' cloth, covert-cloth and crepon—and is a great boon to the wearer, as skirts of dresses are now so generally lined and interlined that they become too heavy for comfort even in midwinter if made of weighty fabrics. Plain colors, mixtures of two or three colors, and clouded effects are among the new goods. Small figures are preferred to large. Narrow stripes lengthwise, bayadere and diagonal, neat checks or blocks, and some plaids are shown in dull and in bright colors, though not in Scotch tartans. The peculiar blue called *bleu* appears in all materials, and there are many bronze shades, with green prevailing in some and brown in others. Heavier covert coatings are also in mixed colors, and are sometimes double-faced, a light contrasting color on the wrong side serving as trimming. The tan coatings are shown again, but it is predicted that mixed colors will be more used. Another variety called diagonal covers is woven in very wide diagonal lines, and is in gayer combinations of colors.

There is a return to soft, clinging camel's-hair, a delightful fabric that was displaced by the stiffer cloths preferred by tailors. This is now made very fleecy, and sometimes with the pile flattened in what is called the India finish. Pressing the pile very close and flat gives the glossy satin-like lustre which is observed in many new stuffs. Some of the costly qualities are double-faced, and all are exceedingly warm-looking and caressing, yet are of light weight because they are sleekly woven. The black camel's-hair shows green or red through from the wrong side, illuminating it only in certain lights, and is very effective. Havana brown on one side and black on the other promises to be popular coloring for winter gowns. There are also dotted and speckled camel's-hair stuffs, a contrasting color of silk woven in to show only in the dots, as *bleu* silk specks on a bronze-green surface of wool, and cerise or green flecks on black. The newest materials are double stuffs, two fabrics woven together, yet scarcely heavier than summer goods. Thus, the outside is of crepon, puckered or in cross stripes, attached to a background of entirely different weaving,

which holds the puffy raised crepon design in permanent place. The back is usually black, and is in loose canvas weaving. These stuffs come in all the new blue and green shades, in violet, purple, and in ruby and purplish reds. The lengthwise crinkles of English crape are very effective in colors over black canvas. There are also wiry mohair stuffs as transparent as grenadine or *berge*, applied in waves across from selvage to selvage on a black canvas back. Some of these have small tufts of a contrasting color in each wave, so folded as to show merely a thread of the color; one especially pretty, of golden brown, has gray in the waved tufts, while a darker brown has pale green. Blue with gold, black with *bleu*, and black with yellow are also in these new stuffs. Silk-warp crepons for evening dresses come in very light colors, the silk waving across in festoons, or else in lengthwise stripes on grounds that are in straight long crinkles.

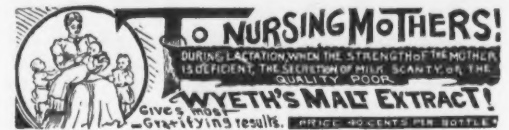
It is rumored that Irish poplins are to be revived for winter dresses, especially for skirts to be worn with various waists in the way *moire* has been this season. English papers say that these stately fabrics are particularly admired by wealthy Americans who have visited the poplin factories.

For tailor gowns are neat mixtures of silk and wool with tiny dots or stitches of silk of bright color showing on a smooth wool surface. Brown grounds have silvery-blue dots, bronze green is speckled with robin's-egg blue silk, blue with red, and black with gold. Some small checks are woven in the new bronze colors in tweeds, and in other fabrics that have knotted silk threads. New bourettes have their rough threads forming slender bayadere stripes. Serges and chevots reappear in lighter weights than any ever before shown for winter gowns. The plaids have rough surfaces, yet are woven like thin flannels or home-spuns; they are large, irregular, and of rich dark colors. Basket-cloths and canvas weavings generally come in soft wools, and others partly of mohair which is as glossy as silk.

The new sample-books of autumn silks begin with black of various weavings, as black is at present chosen by women of fashion, and is always worn by those of small means. Satins and *peau de soie* of satin weave with demilustre are the most reliable plain black silks. There is a tendency, however, to fancy weaving, to stripes, and figured silks. There is on *peau de soie* grounds are narrow stripes of *moire*, resting on a scroll design with the irregular effect of stitching, while another has lace like stripes banded with *moire*, and still others have the *naeve moire* effect. Dashes and dots of bright satin are between *moire* stripes that are wide apart. Armure and granite weavings are in new effects in black silks, and there is armure *laine*, which has thick gimp-like cords with wool filling.

When a bit of color is added the black silks are in endless variety, among the prettiest being *peau de soie* that is slightly changeable, with some red, green, or *bleu* woven in it, yet the black surface preserved. There are also *natte* silks in basket or plaited weaving, in black with white, with emerald, with cardinal red, or *moire*.

A soft black silk of moderate price called *droguet*, or *droguet*, has extremely small designs of colors, some merely *laine*, or speckled with color, while others have tiny sprigs of brilliant hues.



Repped silks with brilliant lustre are coming into favor again. That called *gros de Londres* is a revival of the lustrous small repped silk worn twenty years ago, and is figured with small designs, sprigs and dots.

Gros de Tours is a fine, soft-finished *gros grain*, heavier than *taffeta* and not quite so glossy. It comes in dark colors for the silk gowns that are to be worn in the street, and in light shades for evening dresses. A new design in this silk is a black ground finely striped across with satin in bronze, *moire*, or *betterave*, the beet-root red, then brocaded with tiny little flowers, as pink rose-buds set stiffly in rows, in very quaint style. In light evening colors sprigs of alight embroidery, blossoms of natural colors, are among tiny specks of black which are over the whole surface.

Taffetas are shown again for evening dresses, with small designs of flowers brocaded on light grounds, and so perfectly woven that each seems to have been wrought with the needle. Blurred *chine* designs in stripes of rose-buds and other small flowers are new this season, and there are also *plisse taffetas* that look like shirred silks with narrow puffs between flatly woven stripes.

The newest damasks have ribbon designs in loops of satin of contrasting color, and in stripes with festoons and trellis patterns.

He Was Nobody.

There is a telephone in their residence, and as it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends it is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks—well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago, and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hello!"
"Well!"
"Is this Mrs. Binks?"
"No."
"I mean is this Mrs. Binks' telephone?"
"No: it's the company's."
"Well, is this Mrs. Binks' house?"
"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."

"What?"
"Yes, I guess it is. Everyone seems to think it is, anyway."

"Is Mrs. Binks' daughter there?"

"No."

"Well, who is this?"

"Oh, this is only Mrs. Binks' husband, the father of Mrs. Binks' daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Binks' house, and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks' horses. She got him with the house, you know."

"Oh, she did!"

"Yes, she did."

"Tough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it?"

That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.—*Exchange.*

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:

An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

Suicidal.

Wife (reading newspaper)—According to the statistics I see that the number of marriages decreases, while the number of suicides is increasing.

Husband—That's easily explained.
"How so?"
"Men are beginning to prefer the less painful method of getting out of this world."

Three Home Seekers' Excursions.

To all parts of the West and North-west via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto, Ont.

Proportionately to the size of the insect's body, an ant's brain is said to be larger than the brain of any known creature. Ants seem to display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection and good judgment.—*Journal of Zoophily.* Is there no way of getting a few of these animals into the United States Senate?

Officer—Here is the man who went through your house the other night while your family was asleep. Would you like to question him?
Mr. Outlaw—If you please. Prisoner, what did you wear on your feet?

Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. They are signs of Anæmia.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. Etc. & Gt.

"We must part," he declared, with quivering lip. The wife stood silent, with averted head. "It is impossible for us to live together," he insisted, as he fastened the only life-preserver on board to his person. Then the vessel foundered.

First girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second girl—That's true, but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as the man with a future.

Third girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present, and the more expensive the present is, the more interest I take in it.

Acetocura

Cures Colds, Sore Throat and Indigestion.
Rev. Alex. Gilray, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures La Grippe and Pneumonia.
Rev. A. Hill, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Croup.
Rev. P. C. Hedley, Boston, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Headaches and Toothache.
Mr. A. Cowan, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Spinal Complaints.
Mr. W. Calder, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

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Bitten by a Cobra.

I wonder what sort of a sensation it is to be bitten by a cobra and know that one must die in a half hour or so," drawled Capt. Gordon as he puffed lazily at his cheroot on the veranda of the 109th Hussars' mess at Fyzabad.

It was after the mess dinner, and the regimental band had bagged their instruments and gone silently away into the hot, stifling night. Half a dozen officers were reclining in "long-sleeved chairs," their feet upon the arms and "pegs," with plenty of ice, standing in long glasses like grim sentries, to keep the demon thirst away.

"Well, I know exactly how it feels," chipped in Bings—Bings, "the stoic," as he was called—with an earnestness that fairly took away Gordon's breath.

"Yea," added the new speaker, "I have been there, as they say, but language cannot convey the full horror of the feeling. It was years ago, when I first came out to join, and we were stationed at Burmah. I was on special duty out in the jungle, and where we were located was the snakes' paradise. Hardly a day passed that we did not kill one or more either in or about the bungalow. It was a continual cry of 'Samp hai, sahib!' (a snake, sir), with a regular clearing out of all the servants.

"It really seemed that all the poisonous snakes in India had agents doing business in that part. Immense boas, sleepy, devilish karaites, vicious asps and adders, and now and then a cobra, chock-full of fight. No man thought of putting on his boots without giving them a good shake first, and even clothes were inspected at arm's length.

"One hot, sweltering night I was lying in a state half asleep and half heat stupor, when I suddenly became aware that a dark, flat object, in which gleamed two spots of malignant light, was moving along my right leg—just between it and the mosquito (mosquito curtain). I could just see it over my limb, and the blood in my veins simply froze with horror as I realized that it must be either a cobra or a karait. The body of the serpent was evidently in the bed and the head elevated just enough to watch my face. A queer constrictive sort of feeling shot up and down my scalp, and the hair stood out straight, I am sure.

"There are no words in which I can convey the slightest idea of the full measure of loathsome horror which took possession of me and turned me sick with the intensity of its dreadfulness when I recognized that I was shut up in that curtain with and completely at the mercy of one of those death-dealing fiends. I dared not move a muscle—to call out meant death, for were he roused, either by fear or anger, he would deal out death to the nearest living object with the rapidity of lightning. My hand was lying down beside my thigh, and already I could feel his cold, slimy body moving over it. If my blood was frozen before, this chilled the very marrow in my bones. I could see very little by the light of the flickering lamp which hung in the veranda opposite my room door, beyond that flat, swaying head, set like a fiend's toy with those devilish, gleaming eyes.

"I felt that I could not stand it much longer. I should become a raving maniac if something did not happen soon. I almost wished that he would strike and end the dreadful suspense. I knew that he would not voluntarily leave the bed all night, and would most probably coil himself up on my chest and remain there. One year, two years, ten years, I lay thus, with the brute drawing his interminable length over my hand—yes ten years! for next day I was ten years older, and my hair, which was black when I went to bed, was as gray as it is now.

"Then I must have moved my hand, for the fiend struck—without warning and with such devilish rapidity that I saw nothing, only felt the sharp, lance-like thrust in my thigh. With a rush my blood, which had been standing still in my veins, I think went tearing through my body again, and before my horrified cry had ceased to ring through the bungalow, I was standing on the floor clear of the wrecked mosquito net. As I sprang from the bed when he struck, I felt his body go hurtling over my head up against the pillow as I threw up the arm he had been lying on.

"Brown—'Bangle Brown' as he was called then, because he used to wear a silver bangle on his left wrist that some girl had given him—was left from the next room. 'Who is there? who is there?' and the whole bungalow was soon in a turmoil. Cold drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, and my face was like the face of a dead man, Brown said, when I went into his room, where he had a light.

"'Have you seen a ghost?' he asked.

"'Worse than that,' I replied, 'I have been bitten by a cobra.'

"'Nonsense, man,' he ejaculated, 'you have been dreaming,' but his face was ashy pale now, too.

"'Here are the marks of his fangs,' I said, as I bared my thigh; and there, sure enough, were two tiny punctures and a drop of blood oozing from one.

"There could be no doubt about it now—his light had swept away the last vestige of hope. All that remained to do was to make a futile effort to stay the deadly poison. Already I could feel a peculiar twitching sensation where the lines run from the nose down past the corners of the mouth; and there was a dull, tugging sort of pain in my heart, a feeling as though the blood was being forced through it at an increased pressure. My head was dizzy and my eyes hot and blurred, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my mind from wandering. I could hardly articulate a word, and when I did manage to speak I would say what I did not mean—using the wrong word. It was evident that the poison was beginning to paralyze my brain, and already I felt an almost unconquerable desire to lie down and go to sleep.

"By this time, Brown and the others were thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the case and had started in to do all in their power to save me. Brown was a sort of amateur surgeon and always carried a small apothecary establishment with him. I saw him whip out a lancet and look at me in a questioning way. I nodded, and in an instant he had the piece surrounding the bite out and his lips applied to the gaping wound.

"Here, gentlemen, is the scar," and Bings displayed an ugly-looking cicatrice that bore unmistakable testimony to the heroic course of treatment Brown had adopted.

"Young Balston brought me a peg, in desperation, that would have made one of those Bengalle Baboos, who punish a bottle of bazaar brandy at a single sitting, yell with anguish. He admitted to me afterward that Baloo, the bearer, had told him to give me a strong dose of red pepper and whisky, for it had cured a brother of his once. He had tasted it himself, and it was simply liquid fire diluted with whisky, but to me it was only as water.

"Giving me a dose of permanganate of potassium, Brown placed me in the hands of two Sepoy orderlies, with strict orders to keep me going, swearing that he would shoot the first man that let me stop—for to rest for an instant meant certain death.

"Now, lads, let's kill the devil," he said, when he had done all he could to save me; 'we shall find him coiled up in the bed waiting for another victim.'

"At these words a sudden fury took possession of me, and I said, 'Let me be in at the death—I will kill him before I die myself.'

"Grabbing the lamp and a stout stick I rushed into my room, followed rather cautiously by the others. I flashed the light on the bed, holding the stick poised aloft for a quick, strong blow, but there was no object there to vent my fury upon. Then I remembered that I had thrown him over my head when I jumped from the bed. Telling Brown to throw the pillow over with a quick movement, I held the lamp with my left hand and stood ready to give his cobraship his quietus with a powerful blow.

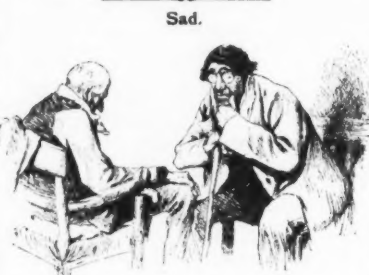
"Quick as a flash the pillow was jerked to the other end of the bed, and there was a rush of a dark brown body, with the devilish eyes gleaming like two baleful sparks. The stick dropped from my nerveless grasp and I tumbled to the floor in a heap. It was only a rat!

"The perspiration broke out all over my body, and I was as limp as a rag. The nerves, strung up to the tension that they had been, suddenly gave way, and I could only sob out hysterically: 'Let him go—don't kill him, please!'

"I could hear Brown's deep drawn 'Thank God!' and in the general sense of relief the rat was allowed to escape.

"That is how it feels to be bitten by a cobra," concluded Bings, "as near as I can describe it."

—W. A. Fraser in *Detroit Free Press*.



"Dear friend, you must give up drinking," "But doctor, I never drink a drop!" "Indeed! Then you must give up smoking!" "But I don't smoke either!" "Well, dear friend, if you haven't anything to give up, I am afraid I can't help you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A Prodigy.

"Miss Sympson has written a beautiful poem which is being copied in all the papers," remarked Miss Strange to Coselucko Murphy. Coselucko Murphy—The young lady seems to have talent.

Miss Strange—I should say she had talent. She can compose music; she can talk French and Italian; she paints, and next month she is going to marry a man worth a quarter of a million. Talent is no name for it; she has positive genius.—*Texas Siftings*.

Military Item.

The German military officer never unbends. This is the way Col. Donner of the Dragons gives his wife leave to go to the Springs: "Attention, wife! I grant you six weeks furlough for the restoration of your health. Come to the position of a soldier, if you please. You shall report at once to the medical officer at Weisbaden. I will expect you to send in regular reports twice a week, to me, your commanding officer, in regard to the condition of your love and fidelity. Right about face; march!"

Her Funny Fad.

Strange what fads possess some people. The delegate the other evening, calling upon one of the sweet girl graduates, was surprised to have her make of him this peculiar request: "Won't you," asked she, "help me in my collection?"

"What, postage stamps?" he asked.

"No, indeed; that's only for school children. You know my collections are a present-day fad. I'm going to be just a bit eccentric, and have started an original collection fad. You may think it an odd fancy, but I'm collecting wishbones."

So saying, she displayed those gathered.

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277 Queen St. West

She had a vast assortment strung about her own room, and any number put away in boxes.

"Now, then," she poutingly said, "I think you might help me in my collection. If you can't get a wishbone when you dine on game at the hotel or at the club, you can do another thing. Save all your empty cigar-boxes for me to put my gems away in, won't you?"

Of course the promise was made. Then she showed more and more of her wishbones. Among them were those of particularly large and small birds.

She even had the wishbone of a hummingbird.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

The Preparation for Starring.

Theatrical Manager—You say you want an engagement to star in my theater. Your name is not familiar to me. Have you ever starred? Would-be-Actress—Never.

"Where have you played?"

"I never played on the stage."

"Have you received any dramatic instruction?"

"None whatever."

"But you have at least studied the art? You are familiar with the works of the great dramatists, are you not?"

"Never read a play in my life."

"Good Heavens! madam, what preparation have you, then, for going on the stage as a star?"

"I have had photographs taken in one hundred and forty different poses."

The manager fainted.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The Curse of Humanity.

Frau Schlemmiller (standing by her second husband at the grave of her first)—Yes, here he lies, the brave warrior. You would certainly not be my husband to-day if my dear John had not died the death of a hero on the battlefield.

Herr Schlemmiller (pensively)—Yes, war is the curse of humanity.—*Zeitspiegel*.

Sheridan's Boots

A Mexican, an intimate friend of General Sheridan, one day, calling on the commander of the army at his office in Washington, found him at his desk, his feet incased in slippers and his shoes democratically placed on the top of the desk. While the general was apparently absorbed in some writing, the Mexican gentleman, who thought some servant had left the warrior's shoes in the wrong place, gently deposited the shoes on the floor. The next day the Mexican called on Sheridan and found him at his desk, shoes on top, as before. The polite resident of the tropics began once more removing his shoes to the floor, when, all at once, Sheridan roared out, "Don't do that again, sir! You make me ridiculous, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, General, but how have I made you ridiculous?" "Why, sir," said Sheridan, still annoyed, "yesterday, sir, I went out to walk after you had called on me. I was nearing the White House when I noticed a gentleman looking at me intently. Soon he addressed me, saying, 'Excuse me, General, but aren't you afraid of catching cold?' 'Why, sir, no; not that I am aware of. What is the matter, sir?' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'it is

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Pat (just over)—Be hiving! who'd give a guinea for such pigs as him?

Mike—Whist, man! I think no more as a guinea here than sixpence in Ireland; a shill, it's dom dear pork.—*Judge*.

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damp and you are going about in your slippers.

"I tell you, sir," said Sheridan, addressing his Mexican friend, "you made me ridiculous. It is my habit, sir, to put my shoes on my desk where I cannot fail to see them, so I may not forget to put them on; and, confound it, sir, you come around here with your notions of propriety and send me around town in my slippers, sir."—*Argonaut*.

Political vs. Domestic Economy.

Friend—How is it yeh ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull?

Mr. Warde Heeler—Oh, I've got the pull, plenty o' pull. My application is signed by all their political leaders in the party.

"Then wot's ther matter?"

"Can't git any of 'em to go on me bond."—*Life*.

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Pat (just over)—Be hiving! who'd give a guinea for such pigs as him?

Mike—Whist, man! I think no more as a guinea here than sixpence in Ireland; a shill, it's dom dear pork.—*Judge*.

Mr. Manhattan—Do you wear ear-muffs in Boston when it is very cold?

Mr. Bunker Hill—Certainly we do.

Mr. Manhattan—Then the streets cannot be so very narrow after all.

Eligible Millionaire—I wonder why a girl always shuts her eyes when—er—a fellow kisses her.

Fair Aristocrat—I never noticed anything of the sort, but I suppose it depends upon the kind of face the fellow has.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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Short Stories Retold.

SPECIMENS OF COURT ROOM WIT.

Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together, in the old times, and came upon a gibbet. "Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?" "Faith, I should be traveling alone!"

An irascible old judge, being annoyed by a young lawyer's speaking to him about a legal point in the street, threatened to fine him for contempt of court if he did not cease to annoy. "Why, judge," said the lawyer, "you are not in session." "I'd have you know that this court is always in session, and consequently always a subject of contempt."

A young lawyer talked four hours to an Indiana jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

Baron Maule once rebuked the arrogance of Mr. Cresswell, who had been treating the bench with a lack of courtesy, in the following terms: "Mr. Cresswell, I am perfectly willing to admit my vast inferiority to yourself. Still, I am a vertebrate animal, and for the last half-hour you have spoken to me in language which God Almighty himself would hesitate to address to a black beetle."

Chief Justice Richardson of New Hampshire, was ready to abandon one of his own rulings, if argument had convinced him that it was not tenable—a readiness not relished by some lawyers. That great lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, was once pressing a point on the judge with his usual force. "Brother Mason," said the judge, "the impression of the court is in your favor." "Yes," retorted Mason, "but I want your honor to stick!"

In arguing a point before a judge of the superior court, Colonel Folk of the Mountain Circuit in North Carolina laid down a very doubtful proposition of law. The judge eyed him a moment and queried: "Colonel Folk, do you think that is law?" The colonel gracefully bowed and replied: "Candor compels me to say I do not, but I did not know how it would strike your honor." The judge deliberated a few moments and gravely said: "That may not be contempt of court, but it is a close shave."

In a trial before Judge Bowen at Del Norte, Colorado, one of the parties was represented by Judge Hamm and the other by C. D. Hayt, now of the Colorado supreme bench. A Mexican juror, regularly veined, asked to be excused from service. "Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the court. "Well, chuch," said the Mexican, "me—no—understand—good—English." "That's no excuse," answered the judge, with assumed severity; "nobody's going to talk to you but Judge Hamm and Charlie Hayt, and they don't either of them speak good English."

A lawyer by the name of Mayne, who was a highly respected but decidedly weird person, had risen to a judgeship, while Jeffrey Keller, who had entered on his legal career at about the same time with Mayne, but was more noted as a wit than as a lawyer, was still much in want of clients and fees. The latter was in a court-room one day, when Mayne was solemnly presiding, and he turned to a friend who sat beside him and plucked at his sleeve. "See there!" he whispered; "here sits Mayne, risen by his gravity, and there sits Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that, I'd like to know!"

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. "Ah, my lord," said the culprit, making a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

Attorney—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. Reluctant Witness—I've told you everything of any consequence. "You have told me that you said to him, 'Jones, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin' little yee-hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed shyster lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself?" "That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

Erskine once had a client named Bolt, whose character having been traduced by the other side, Erskine confidently assured the jury that he was known among his neighbors as "Bolt upright." He opened a certain coach accident case in this wise: "Gentlemen of the jury, my client is a respectable Liverpool merchant, and the defendant, Mr. Wilson, keeps The Swan with Two Necks in Lsd lane, a sign seemingly emblematic of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his coaches." Once he told a jury that the plaintiff, the owner of a wild beast show, claiming damages

The Kitchen Tyrant.



Father—The teacher complained to me that you never know your lessons. What do you do after school anyway?
Son (whimpering)—I had to write two love letters to the cook before she would give me anything to eat.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

for the loss of a trunk, "ought to have followed the example of his own sagacious elephant and traveled with his trunk before him."

The sarcastic Justice Maule did not spare his judicial brethren. "I do not believe," he said to the counsel once, "that any such absurd law has ever been laid down, although it is true that I have not yet seen the last number of the Queen's Bench Reports." When a witness was telling an impossible story, and declared that he could not tell a lie, for he had been wedded to truth from his infancy, Justice Maule observed, "Yes, but the question is, How long have you been a widower?" The counsel who objected to a bill of costs in a case before Justice Maule and a jury, declared that the account was a "diabolical bill." The judge told the jury, however, that even if the statement of counsel were true, it was still their duty to "give the devil his due."

Autumn Fabrics.

THE first instalments of new woollens for autumn dresses are received before summer is ended, and commend themselves even at this early date by their exceedingly light weight. This lightness is a feature of various goods—as camel's-hair, ladies' cloth, covert-cloth and crepon—and is a great boon to the wearer, as skirts of dresses are now so generally lined and interlined that they become too heavy for comfort even in midwinter if made of weighty fabrics. Plain colors, mixtures of two or three colors, and clouded effects are among the new goods. Small figures are preferred to large. Narrow stripes lengthwise, bayadere and diagonal, neat checks or blocks, and some plaids are shown in dull and in bright colors, though not in Scotch tartans. The peculiar blue called *bleu* appears in all materials, and there are many bronze shades, with green prevailing in some and brown in others. Heavier covert coatings are also in mixed colors, and are sometimes double-faced, a light contrasting color on the wrong side serving as trimming. The tan coatings are shown again, but it is predicted that mixed colors will be more used. Another variety called diagonal coverts is woven in very wide diagonal lines, and is in gay combinations of colors.

There is a return to soft, clinging camel's-hair, a delightful fabric that was displaced by the stiffer cloths preferred by tailors. This is now made very fleecy, and sometimes with the pile flattened in what is called the India finish. Pressing the pile very close and flat gives the glossy satin-like lustre which is observed in many new stuffs. Some of the costly qualities are double-faced, and all are exceedingly warm-looking and *caressant*, yet are of light weight because they are sleekly woven. The black camel's-hair shows green or red through from the wrong side, illuminating it only in certain lights, and is very effective. Havana brown on one side and black on the other promises to be popular coloring for winter gowns. There are also dotted and speckled camel's-hair stuffs, a contrasting color of silk woven in to show only in the dots, as *bleu* silk specks on a bronze-green surface of wool, and cerise or green flecks on black. The newest materials are double stuffs, two fabrics woven together, yet scarcely heavier than summer goods. Thus, the outside is of *crepon*, puckered or in cross stripes, attached to a background of entirely different weaving,

which holds the puffy raised *crepon* design in permanent place. The back is usually black, and is in loose canvas weaving. These stuffs come in all the new blue and green shades, in violet, purple, and in ruby and purplish reds. The lengthwise crinkles of English crape are very effective in colors over black canvas. There are also wiry mohair stuffs as transparent as grenadine or *berge*, applied in waves across from selvage to selvage on a black canvas back. Some of these have small tufts of a contrasting color in each wave, so folded as to show merely a thread of the color; one especially pretty, of golden brown, has gray in the waved tufts, while a darker brown has pale green. Blue with gold, black with *bleu*, and black with yellow are also in these new stuffs. Silk-warp *crepons* for evening dresses come in very light colors, the silk waving across in festoons, or else in lengthwise stripes on grounds that are in straight long crinkles.

It is rumored that Irish poplins are to be revived for winter dresses, especially for skirts to be worn with various waists in the way *moire* has been this season. English papers say that these stately fabrics are particularly admired by wealthy Americans who have visited the poplin factories.

For tailor gowns are neat mixtures of silk and wool with tiny dots or stitches of silk of bright color showing on a smooth wool surface. Brown grounds have silvery-blue dots, bronze green is speckled with robin's-egg blue silk, blue with red, and black with gold. Some small checks are woven in the new bronze colors in tweeds, and in other fabrics that have knotted silk threads. New bourettes have their rough threads forming slender bayadere stripes. Serges and chevrons reappear in lighter weights than any ever before shown for winter gowns. The plaids have rough surfaces, yet are woven like thin flannels or home-spuns; they are large, irregular, and of rich dark colors. Basket-cloths and canvas weavings generally come in soft wools, and others partly of mohair which is as glossy as silk.

The new sample-books of autumn silks begin with black of various weavings, as black is at present chosen by women of fashion, and is always worn by those of small means. Satins and *peau de soie* of satin weave with demilustre are the most reliable plain black silks. There is a tendency, however, to fancy weaving, to stripes, and figured silks. Thus on *peau de soie* grounds are narrow stripes of *moire*, resting on a scroll design with the irregular effect of stitching, while another has lace like stripes banded with *moire*, and still others have the *naeve moire* effect. Dashes and dots of bright satin are between *moire* stripes that are wide apart. Armure and granite weavings are in new effects in black silks, and there is armure *laine*, which has thick gimp-like cords with wool filling.

When a bit of color is added the black silks are in endless variety, among the prettiest being *peau de soie* that is slightly changeable, with some red, green, or *bleu* woven in it, yet the black surface preserved. There are also *matte* silks in basket or plaited weaving, in black with white, with emerald, with cardinal red, or *mordore*.

A soft black silk of moderate price called *droguet*, or *druguet*, has extremely small designs of colors, some merely *lance*, or speckled with color, while others have tiny sprigs of brilliant hues.



TO NURSING MOTHERS!
DURING LACTATION WHEN THE STRENGTH OF THE MOTHER IS WEAKENED, THE SECRET OF MILK SCANTY OR THE QUALITY POOR.
WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT!
GIVES MORE AND BETTER RESULTS. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Repped silks with brilliant lustre are coming into favor again. That called *gros de Londres* is a revival of the lustrous small repped silk worn twenty years ago, and is figured with small designs, sprigs and dots.

Gros de Tours is a fine, soft-finished *gros grain*, heavier than *taffeta* and not quite so glossy. It comes in dark colors for the silk gowns that are to be worn in the street, and in light shades for evening dresses. A new design in this silk is a black ground finely striped across with satin in bronze, *mordore*, or *betterave*, the beet-root red, then broadened with tiny little flowers, as pink rose-buds set stiffly in rows, in very quaint style. In light evening colors sprigs of alight embroidery, blossoms of natural colors, are among tiny specks of black which are over the whole surface.

Taffetas are shown again for evening dresses, with small designs of flowers brocaded on light grounds, and so perfectly woven that each seems to have been wrought with the needle. Blurred *chine* designs in stripes of rose-buds and other small flowers are new this season, and there are also *plisse taffetas* that look like shirred silks with narrow puffs between flatly woven stripes.

The newest damasks have ribbon designs in loops of satin of contrasting color, and in stripes with festoons and trellis patterns.

LA MODE.

He Was Nobody.

There is a telephone in their residence, and as it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends it is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks—well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago, and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hullo!"
"Well!"
"Is this Mrs. Binks?"
"No."
"I mean is this Mrs. Binks' telephone?"
"No: it's the company's."
"Well, is this Mrs. Binks' house?"
"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."

"What?"
"Yes, I guess it is. Everyone seems to think it is, anyway."

"Is Mrs. Binks' daughter there?"
"No."
"Well, who is this?"
"Oh, this is only Mrs. Binks' husband, the father of Mrs. Binks' daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Binks' house, and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks' horses. She got him with the house, you know."

"Oh, she did!"
"Yes, she did."
"Tough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it?"

That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.—*Exchange.*

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:
An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

Suicidal.

Wife (reading newspaper)—According to the statistics I see that the number of marriages decreases, while the number of suicides is increasing.
Husband—That's easily explained.

"How so?"
"Men are beginning to prefer the less painful method of getting out of this world."

Three Home Seekers' Excursions.

To all parts of the West and North-west via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto, Ont.

Proportionately to the size of the insect's body, an ant's brain is said to be larger than the brain of any known creature. Ants seem to display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection and good judgment.—*Journal of Zoophily.* Is there no way of getting a few of these animals into the United States Senate?

Officer—Here is the man who went through your house last night while your family was asleep. Would you like to question him?
Mr. Outlaw—If you please. Prisoner, what did you wear on your feet?

Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. They are signs of Anæmia.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ill. All Druggists, etc. & q.

"We must part," he declared, with quivering lip. The wife stood silent, with averted head. "It is impossible for us to live together," he insisted, as he fastened the only life-preserver on board to his person. Then the vessel foundered.

First girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second girl—That's true, but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as the man with a future.

Third girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present, and the more expensive the present is, the more interest I take in it.

Acetocura

Cures Colds, Sore Throat and Indigestion.
Rev. Alex. Gilray, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures La Grippe and Pneumonia.
Rev. A. Hill, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Corns.
Rev. P. C. Hedley, Boston, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Headaches and Toothache.
Mr. A. Cowan, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Spinal Complaints.
Mr. W. Calder, Toronto, says so. See pamphlet.

Acetocura

Cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Skin and Nervous Diseases. Thousands all over the world say so.

Isn't it time you were cured.

COUTTS & SONS

Chief Offices—London and Manchester, Eng., Glasgow, Scotland.

CANADIAN HOUSE—COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto.

All Ladies Love

Sweet Perfumes

Then let your next gift be a bottle of Piesse & Lubin's English Perfume. The acme of excellence is OPOPONAX

Perfumes from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

Godes-berger

HER MAJESTY'S TABLE WATER BY APPOINTMENT.
Dr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, of Health, writes: For Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and allied troubles I recommend

Godes-berger

"A Wiser of Absolute Purity.—*The Lancet*"
"Mixes well with Spirit.—*The Lancet*"
"It has no equal."—*Court Circular.*
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has already been supplied with

Godes-berger

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants, Hotels, Restaurants and Chemists.

HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Try Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.
None genuine without bearing name and address of S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST, 243 Yonge Street, Toronto



DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINE and LIQUOR are of the Best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1000. HENRY MORRAN, Proprietor.

Bitten by a Cobra.

I wonder what sort of a sensation it is to be bitten by a cobra and know that one must die in a half hour or so," drawled Capt. Gordon as he puffed lazily at his cheroot on the veranda of the 109th Hussars' mess at Fyzabad.

It was after the mess dinner, and the regimental band had bagged their instruments and gone silently away into the hot, stifling night. Half a dozen officers were reclining in "long-eared chairs," their feet upon the arms and "pegs," with plenty of ice, standing in long glasses like grim sentries, to keep the demon threat away.

"Well, I know exactly how it feels," chipped in Bings—Bings, "the stoic," as he was called—with an earnestness that fairly took away Gordon's breath.

"Yes," added the new speaker, "I have been there, as they say, but language cannot convey the full horror of the feeling. It was years ago, when I first came out to join, and we were stationed at Barmah. I was on special duty out in the jungle, and where we were located was the snakes' paradise. Hardly a day passed that we did not kill one or more either in or about the bungalow. It was a continual cry of 'Samp hai, sahib!' (a snake, sir), with a regular clearing out of all the servants. It really seemed that all the poisonous snakes in India had agents doing business in that part. Immense boas, sleepy, devilish karaites, vicious asps and adders, and now and then a cobra, chock-full of fight. No man thought of putting on his boots without giving them a good shake first, and even clothes were inspected at arm's length.

"One hot, sweltering night I was lying in a state half sleep and half heat stupor, when I suddenly became aware that a dark, flat object, in which gleamed two spots of malignant light, was moving up along my right leg—just between it and the mosquito net (mosquito curtain). I could just see it over my limb, and the blood in my veins simply froze with horror as I realized that it must be either a cobra or a karait. The body of the serpent was evidently in the bed and the head elevated just enough to watch my face. A queer constrictive sort of feeling shot up and down my scalp, and the hair stood out straight, I am sure.

"There are no words in which I can convey the slightest idea of the full measure of loathsome horror which took possession of me and turned me sick with the intensity of its dreadfulness when I recognized that I was shut up in that curtain with and completely at the mercy of one of those death-dealing fiends. I dared not move a muscle—to call out meant death, for were he roused, either by fear or anger, he would deal out death to the nearest living object with the rapidity of lightning. My hand was lying down beside my thigh, and already I could feel his cold, slimy body moving over it. If my blood was frozen before, this chilled the very marrow in my bones. I could see very little by the light of the flickering lamp which hung in the veranda opposite my room door, beyond that flat, swaying head, set like a fiend's toy with those devilish, gleaming eyes.

"I felt that I could not stand it much longer. I should become a raving maniac if something did not happen soon. I almost wished that he would strike and end the dreadful suspense. I knew that he would not voluntarily leave the bed all night, and would most probably coil himself up on my chest and remain there. One year, two years, ten years, I lay thus, with the brute drawing his interminable length over my head—yes ten years for next day I was ten years older, and my hair, which was black when I went to bed, was as gray as it is now.

"Then I must have moved my hand, for the fiend struck—without warning and with such devilish rapidity that I saw nothing, only felt the sharp, lance-like thrust in my thigh. With a rush my blood, which had been standing still in my veins, I think went tearing through my body again, and before my horrified cry had ceased to ring through the bungalow, I was standing on the floor clear of the wrecked mosquito net. As I sprang from the bed when he struck, I felt his body go hurtling over my head up against the pillow as I threw up my arm he had been lying on.

"Brown—'Bangle Brown' as he was called then, because he used to wear a silver bangle on his left wrist that some girl had given him—was calling from the next room, 'Who is there? who is there?' and the whole bungalow was soon in a turmoil. Cold drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, and my face was like the face of a dead man, Brown said, when I went into his room, where he had a light.

"Have you seen a ghost?" he asked. "Worse than that," I replied, 'I have been bitten by a cobra.' "Nonsense, man," he ejaculated, 'you have been dreaming,' but his face was ashy pale now, too.

"Here are the marks of his fangs," I said, as I bared my thigh; and there, sure enough, were two tiny punctures and a drop of blood oozing from one.

"There could be no doubt about it now—his light had swept away the last vestige of hope. All that remained to do was to make a futile effort to stay the deadly poison. Already I could feel a peculiar twitching sensation where the lines run from the nose down past the corners of the mouth; and there was a dull, tugging sort of pain in my heart, a feeling as though the blood was being forced through it at an increased pressure. My head was dizzy and my eyes hot and blurred, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my mind from wandering. I could hardly articulate a word, and when I did manage to speak I would say what I did not mean—using the wrong word. It was evident that the poison was beginning to paralyze my brain, and already I felt an almost unconquerable desire to lie down and go to sleep.

"By this time, Brown and the others were thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the case and had started in to do all in their power to save me. Brown was a sort of amateur surgeon and always carried a small apothecary establishment with him. I saw him whip out a lancet and look at me in a questioning way. I nodded, and in an instant he had the piece surrounding the bite out and his lips applied to the gaping wound.

"Here, gentlemen, is the scar," and Bings displayed an ugly-looking cicatrice that bore unmistakable testimony to the heroic course of treatment Brown had adopted.

"Young Balston brought me a peg, in desperation, that would have made one of those Bengali Baboos, who punish a bottle of bazaar brandy at a single sitting, yell with anguish. He admitted to me afterward that Baloo, the bearer, had told him to give me a strong dose of red pepper and whisky, for it had cured a brother of his once. He had tasted it himself, and it was simply liquid fire diluted with whisky, but to me it was only water.

"Giving me a dose of permanganate of potassium, Brown placed me in the hands of two Sepoy orderlies, with strict orders to keep me going, swearing that he would shoot the first man that let me stop—for to rest for an instant meant certain death.

"Now, lads, let's kill the devil," he said, when he had done all he could to save me; 'we shall find him coiled up in the bed waiting for another victim.'

"At these words a sudden fury took possession of me, and I said, 'Let me be in at the death—I will kill him before I die myself.'

"Grabbing the lamp and a stout stick I rushed into my room, followed rather cautiously by the others. I flashed the light on the bed, holding the stick poised aloft for a quick, strong blow, but there was no object there to vent my fury upon. Then I remembered that I had thrown him over my head when I jumped from the bed. Telling Brown to throw the pillow over with a quick movement, I held the lamp with my left hand and stood ready to give his cobrahead his quietus with a powerful blow.

"Quick as a flash the pillow was jerked to the other end of the bed, and there was a rush of a dark brown body, with the devilish eyes gleaming like two baleful sparks. The stick dropped from my nerveless grasp and I tumbled to the floor in a heap. It was only a rat!

"The perspiration broke out all over my body, and I was as limp as a rag. The nerves, strung up to the tension that they had been, suddenly gave way, and I could only sob out hysterically: 'Let him go—don't kill him, please!'

"I could hear Brown's deep drawn 'Thank God!' and in the general sense of relief the rat was allowed to escape.

"That is how it feels to be bitten by a cobra," concluded Bings, "as near as I can describe it." —W. A. Fraser in *Detroit Free Press*.

Sad.



"Dear friend, you must give up drinking," "But doctor, I never drink a drop!" "Indeed? Then you must give up smoking!" "But I don't smoke either!" "Well, dear friend, if you haven't anything to give up, I am afraid I can't help you." —*Fliegende Blätter*.

A Prodigy.

"Miss Sympson has written a beautiful poem which is being copied in all the papers," remarked Miss Strange to Cosclusko Murphy. Cosclusko Murphy—The young lady seems to have talent.

Miss Strange—I should say she had talent. She can compose music; she can talk French and Italian; she paints, and next month she is going to marry a man worth a quarter of a million. Talent is no name for it; she has positive genius. —*Texas Sittings*.

Military Item.

The German military officer never unbends. This is the way Col. Donner of the Dragons gives his wife leave to go to the Springs:

"Attention, wife! I grant you six weeks furlough for the restoration of your health. Come to the position of a soldier, if you please. You shall report at once to the medical officer at Wiesbaden. I will expect you to send in regular reports twice a week, to me, your commanding officer, in regard to the condition of your love and fidelity. Right about face; march!"

Her Funny Fad.

Strange what fads possess some people. The delegate the other evening, calling upon one of the sweet girl graduates, was surprised to have her make of him this peculiar request:

"Won't you," asked she, "help me in my collection?" "What postage stamps?" he asked. "No, indeed; that's only for school children. You know my collections are a present-day fad. I'm going to be just a bit eccentric, and have started an original collection fad. You may think it an odd fancy, but I'm collecting wishbones."

So saying, she displayed those gathered.

Cures OTHERS, WILL Cure You.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla is a blood purifier and a tonic. It cures all skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and itching. It also cures all internal diseases, such as indigestion, constipation, and general debility. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and it is a tonic for the system. It is a medicine that is as effective as it is pleasant to take.

* Gas * Fixtures

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MANUFACTURERS' PRICES

Our stock is large and carefully selected from the best factories and is unsurpassed for design or finish. We invite you to visit our showrooms and satisfy yourself that we have the newest and best assortment in the city.

FRED ARMSTRONG
277 Queen St. West

She had a vast assortment strung about her own room, and any number put away in boxes. "Now, then," she posturingly said, "I think you might help me in my collection. If you can't get a wishbone when you dine on game at the hotel or at the club, you can do another thing. Save all your empty cigar-boxes for me to put my gems away in, won't you?"

Of course the promise was made. Then she showed more and more of her wishbones. Among them were those of particularly large and small birds.

She even had the wishbone of a hummingbird. —*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

The Preparation for Starring.

Theatrical Manager—You say you want an engagement to star in my theater. Your name is not familiar to me. Have you ever starred? Would-be-Actress—Never.

"Where have you played?" "I never played on the stage."

"Have you received any dramatic instruction?" "None whatever."

"But you have at least studied the art? You are familiar with the works of the great dramatists, are you not?"

"Never read a play in my life."

"Good Heavens! madam, what preparation have you, then, for going on the stage as a star?"

"I have had photographs taken in one hundred and forty different poses." The manager faints.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The Curse of Humanity.

Frau Schlemmiller (standing with her second husband at the grave of her first)—Yes, here he lies, the brave warrior. You would certainly not be my husband to-day if my dear John had not died the death of a hero on the battlefield. Herr Schlemmiller (pensively)—Yes, war is the curse of humanity. —*Zeitspiegel*.

Sheridan's Boots

A Mexican, an intimate friend of General Sheridan, one day, calling on the commander of the army at his office in Washington, found him at his desk, his feet incased in slippers and his shoes democratically placed on the top of the desk. While the general was apparently absorbed in some writing, the Mexican gentleman, who thought some servant had left the warrior's shoes in the wrong place, gently deposited the shoes on the floor. The next day the Mexican called on Sheridan and found him at his desk, shoes on top, as before. The polite resident of the tropics began once more removing his shoes to the floor, when, all at once, Sheridan roared out, "Don't do that again, sir! You make me ridiculous, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, General, but how have I made you ridiculous?" "Why, sir," said Sheridan, still annoyed, "yesterday, sir, I went out to walk after you had called on me. I was nearing the White House when I noticed a gentleman looking at me intently. Soon he addressed me, saying, 'Excuse me, General, but aren't you afraid of catching cold?' 'Why, sir, no; not that I am aware of. What is the matter, sir?' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'it is

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PURE Coffee, 50c., Ground or Berry.
ALE \$1.00 per dozen. T. B. & M. Co.'s.
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HOUSEHOLD LIST

Table Napkins, 1c. each; Table Cloths, 4c. each; Sheets, 3c. each; Pillow Slips, 2c. each; Towels, 1c. each; Roller Towels, 2c. each; Spreads, 10c. each; Toilet Covers, 5c. each.

NOTICE—Not less than 30 pieces will be received at the above rates.

"EL PADRE"
~PINS~
THE
RECOGNIZED
STANDARD
TEN
CENT
CIGAR



damp and you are going about in your slippers. "I tell you, sir," said Sheridan, addressing his Mexican friend, "you made me ridiculous. It is my habit, sir, to put my shoes on my desk where I cannot fail to see them, so I may not forget to put them on; and, confound it, sir, you come around here with your notions of propriety and send me around town in my slippers, sir." —*Argonaut*.

Political vs. Domestic Economy.

Friend—How is it yeh ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull? Mr. Warde Heeler—Oh, I've got the pull, plenty o' pull. My application is signed by all their political leaders in th' party. "Then wot's ther matter?" "Can't git any of 'em to go on me bond." —*Life*.

The Wabash Line

Is positively the shortest and best route to the West and South-west. Passengers leaving Toronto by morning trains reach Chicago same evening and St. Louis next morning without change of cars, making direct connections for all points. Finest sleeping cars and day coaches in America. Ask your nearest railway agent for tickets over the great railway. Full particulars at north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson passenger agent.

"Deah me!" said the bore, interrupting the conversation at a few minutes after twelve. "I believe it must be time to go." "Oh, no, it can't be," said the tired girl emphatically; "that time won't come around again till to-morrow evening."

Wife—What can I do to please my own little hubby on his birthday to-morrow? Hubby—Sell the piano.

Peacemaker—Laura, haven't you and Irene kissed and made up yet? Laura—Oh, yes. That is, we kissed. She was already made up.

"Rise in de worl' all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man, "but doan fohgit yoh reputation. Hit do come in handy foh er parachute."

I Always Smoke THE SOMETHING GOOD CIGAR

It is Really Equal to any Imported. Take my Advice and Insist on getting this 10 Cent Smoke for 5 CENTS

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American Extravagance.

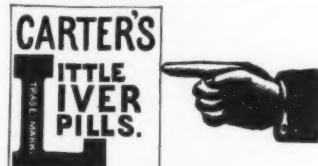


Pat (just over)—Be hivins! who'd give a guinea for sich pigs as thim? Mike—Whisht, pork. The think no more av a guinea here than sixpence in Oireland; abtill, it's dom dear pork. —*Judge*.

Mr. Manhattan—Do you wear ear-muffs in Boston when it is very cold? Mr. Bunker Hill—Certainly we do. Mr. Manhattan—Then the streets cannot be so very narrow after all.

Eligible Millionaire—I wonder why a girl always shuts her eyes when—er—a fellow kisses her.

Fair Aristocrat—I never noticed anything of the sort, but I suppose it depends upon the kind of face the fellow has.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Cut Roses, Etc.
Telephone 1654
Mal. orders receive special attention.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies
Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

For Spring and Summer.
DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!
Delightfully Refreshing.
BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Dry Kindling Wood
Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$1.90. A crate 1 1/2 tons as much as a barrel.
HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Music.

THE following extract from a letter dated August 15 and forwarded by Mr. H. M. Field from Stuttgart will be read with interest. "We have been in Stuttgart since last Friday and find it one of the most picturesque places in Germany. On August 6 we heard Tristan and Isolde at Munich. It was a great performance, being given under the baton of Lvl. I have, however, heard an equally good, if not better, production of the work under Niki's baton in Leipzig, with Schamer-Andriessen and Schelper in the principal roles. I was more impressed than ever with the grandeur of the work and am convinced that it is the greatest dramatic work ever written. The world has never had a love scene equal to that contained in the second act of this grand creation of Wagner's. The enthusiasm of the audience at the close of the opera and at the end of each act was overpowering and seemed a grand index of the high culture of the people here and their keen sense of appreciation of the higher works of art. A Wagner cycle begins in Dresden on August 15, beginning with the Trilogy. I am sorry I cannot be there. Schelper of Leipzig, our baritone hero of the good old days under Niki's baton, made a great hit in Munich as Alberich in the Nibelungen. The papers are all most enthusiastic about him."

Appropos of Mr. Field's comment on Tristan and Isolde, the following clipping is taken from an account of an interview with the Carlsruhe conductor, Herr Mottl, as published in an English journal:

"Will you tell me what kind of music you best like to conduct?"

"All sorts," Mr. Mottl replied, "as long as it's good."

"Well, but you have your preferences. Which among the composers are your favorites?"

"Beethoven, Barlow, Wagner."

"But if you had only one more work to conduct before you died, which one would you choose?"

"Tristan and Isolde!"

It came forth clearly and unmistakably, and then he went on to say why he would choose that work—the number of different styles of playing it required, the difficulty of doing it at all, and so on.

The lesson of the Bayreuth festival is still exciting much interesting comment among leading critics of the day. The *Musical Standard* referring to the difficulty of obtaining the best solo talent for the performances, intimates that until the very best singers are found in all the principal roles and this feature of the performances is kept up to the unapproachable standard of other departments it cannot be held that the representations are ideal realizations of the great composer's works. The same journal states that "At no opera house excepting the Paris Opera will one find the chorus act with so much intelligence, but it is an empty task to seek elsewhere for such perfect ensemble" as at Bayreuth, where the "orchestra speaks with the most varied expression and is conducted by men who know Wagner's scores by heart and understand them, too, and where no trouble is spared to make the performances as perfect as possible." The very exacting demands made upon would-be Wagnerian singers as regards their musicianship necessarily debars many otherwise capable vocalists from participation in performances of his works. The *Musical Standard* intimates that the vocal artists generally do not approach the perfection to which the orchestra has attained, probably owing to financial reasons, and sums up with the opinion that Bayreuth still continues to exert an immense influence for good, and trusts that the festivals may be continued until the raising of the standard of performances elsewhere renders them of no further use.

The London *Musical Standard* in commenting on the recent production of Frederic Cowen's new grand opera *Signa*, has the following to say concerning its merits:

"Those who are acquainted with Mr. Cowen's talent will not be surprised to hear that the lighter portions of the work are treated more successfully than the melodramatic and passionate scenes—the episodic numbers which are not essential to the flow of the drama; and, if we are asked what part of the work aroused the most pleasurable emotions as being a fitting marriage of means and ends, we should point to the students' chorus already mentioned. Here Mr. Cowen is himself, as he also is in the song *Signa* sings at the request of Sartorio, and in Gemma's *La rose il giglio*. The matter was made patent to us that, clever and talented musician as Mr. Cowen is, the gift of dramatic composition cannot be numbered among those the gods have given him. It is a matter of temperament indeed. Your lyric poet, if he be truly a lyric poet, but seldom is able to write a drama. He sings because he is impelled to give his own thoughts expression, whereas your true dramatic poet looks not to his own emotions but to those which the outside world of men may be supposed to feel."

To sum up, though *Signa* must be accorded considerable respect on the side of its workmanship, the dramatic feeling and treatment which alone could give effect to the whole are lacking, and the impression the work arouses is therefore one of scrappiness."

The Toronto Vocal Club, which under Mr. W. J. McNally did such excellent work last year, is preparing actively for this season's campaign. Two meetings of the executive have already been held, and I am informed that the prospects for the coming year are very bright indeed, there being no lack of enthusiasm among the old members, with considerable desirable material anxious to join with the club. The objects of the club, as stated in their circular, are the study and production of high-class unaccompanied part songs and concerted vocal music. Rehearsals will be held every Monday evening at McBean's Hall, corner College street and Brunswick avenue, beginning October 1. The committee is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: W. E. Orr, president; J. S. McCullough, secretary; Miss A. Fletcher, Mr. E. Shirley and John Alexander.

Applications for membership in the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto are being received daily by the secretary and conductor. A gratifying feature of the applications received lies in the fact of the undoubted vocal proficiency of many who are volunteering their services. An exceedingly effective tenor sec-

tion seems assured, already some of our best local singers being among the members. As all singers who are not personally known to the conductor are required to pass a test before being admitted to the chorus, it is expected that the Mendelssohn Choir will begin its work, as regards the vocal quality of its forces, under unusually favorable circumstances. As intimated in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, applications will be received up to September 25 by either the secretary, Mr. W. H. Elliott, 94 Bay street, or the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, 605 Church street.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson will resume his classes in voice culture on Monday next, September 10, at his studio, 143 Yonge street. In addition to having studied with Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, formerly of Toronto, and Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton, Mr. Robinson has just returned from Europe, where he has taken a special course of instruction under the guidance of such well known musicians and specialists as Messrs. Alberto Randegger and Whitney Mockridge of London.

Signor Tessemann, the newly appointed singing master at the College of Music, arrived in the city from England last week.

Mr. P. W. Newton, the popular instructor of the banjo, guitar and mandolin, has removed to 6 Irwin avenue, where he will be pleased to meet his old pupils and also others desiring instruction. He still retains his down-town studio at Nordheimer's.

Mr. W. J. McNally, organist, Beverley street Baptist church, returned home a few days since after having spent a very pleasant vacation at Cobourg. Mr. McNally resumed teaching on Monday last.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., teacher of theory, etc., at the Conservatory of Music, returned to the city on Monday last after a ten weeks' jaunt in the old land. Mr. Anger was a passenger on the *Lucania*, which on this western voyage reduced all previous records between Queenstown and Sandy Hook.

Five thousand six hundred and twenty-nine tickets for the Bayreuth festival were sold in England this season. This represents about one sixth of the entire patronage for the series of performances.

"Hail" Paderewski is expected to arrive in America in October, having been definitely engaged for an extended tour of this country.

Madame Stuttaford, as will be noticed in our advertising columns, announces that she is prepared to receive pupils in voice culture. Her style is that of the Italian school, and as she has had the great privilege of personally studying under the eminent master, Signor Lablache, pupils who place themselves under her care should feel confident of the best results. Madame Stuttaford has been a prima donna in grand opera and has successfully sung principal parts in oratorio both in Europe and Australia.

Episode of the Earthquake at Constantinople.

Dr. Jussuf Bloch, a native of Budapest, lodged on the ground-floor of a house in Balak street, where he had an extensive practice amongst the Turkish population. The flat above was occupied by a Bey and his harem, composed of three or four ladies, who, as is the custom, were jealously secluded from the gaze of all male creatures. During the night of the first earthquake, Dr. Jussuf lay on his couch, sleeping the sleep of the just and all unconscious of impending danger, when suddenly the catastrophe came. The earth trembled, houses cracked and tumbled over, and among the rest the house in Balak street, which collapsed like a house of cards. The poor doctor started up from his sleep when he saw, to his horror, the ceiling burst asunder and, amidst a shower of miscellaneous articles, a couple of ladies dropped down upon him in the scanty attire worn by ladies of the harem when they think themselves unobserved. The doctor and the ladies escaped into the open air, and, in consideration of Dr. Jussuf's innocence, the stern Mussulman refrained from taking vengeance on the Glaour. The two ladies, on being questioned by the Grand Mufti, were, however, drowned in the Bosphorus, i.e., not actually drowned, only symbolically, so to speak, for they were seen up in sacks and immersed in the water and immediately drawn out; again, their explanation accomplished.—*Neue Freie Presse*.

Circumstances Alter Cases

Husband—I am going to bring the young barrister home with me this evening.

Wife (with a boy of marriageable daughters)—Very good. (Rings the bell; the cook appears.) Marie, we are having a visitor this evening; I shall be glad if you will prepare us a nice claret cup.

Husband—He is a most agreeable young fellow; a general favorite, in fact.

Wife (rings)—Marie, please make a few tarts as well.

Husband—I am told his young wife is just as nice and amiable as he is.

Wife (rings)—Marie, never mind the tarts and the claret cup; we shall only require some beer this evening.—*Dorfbärber*.

Remarkable

A.—I say, this is a most remarkable piece of gold.

B.—Why? What is there remarkable about it?

A.—The fact that it belongs to me!

Germinal.

On the Hop.

A traveler in hops, when paying his first visit to a famous brewery in South Germany, was about to enter the office when he noticed a plate with the inscription: "Hop travelers upstairs." Concluding therefrom that a special room was set apart for interviewing travelers, he took the hint, and on reaching the top of the stairs he found himself in a long passage, the walls of which were adorned at intervals with the image of a hand pointing in one direction. At the end of the corridor

another hand pointed to a second flight of steps leading downwards. At the bottom of the steps a hand pointed to a door, which he opened and found himself—in the street.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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The largest Bible in the world is to be found in Rome. It is written in Hebrew and weighs three hundred and twenty pounds. It is as much as three men can do to carry it. In the year 1512, a syndicate of Venetian Jews offered Pope Julius II. the weight of the Bible in gold, but His Holiness declined to part with it. At the present value of gold the Bible would be worth £75,000.—*Schnitzel und Spane*.

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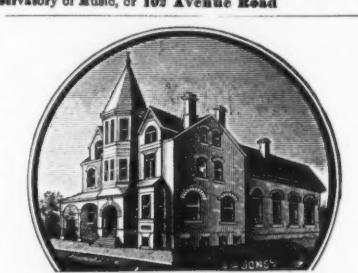
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Social and Personal.

Miss Florence Toms of Ottawa, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Reddie, Bathurst street, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, jr., have returned from their honeymoon and have taken up their residence at 4 Howard street. Mrs. Mulock will be at home on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 17, 18, and 19.

Mrs. J. D. Jones of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gibbs, for the past few weeks. Since the arrival of Dr. Jones she and the doctor have been the guests of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Wellington, who gave a dinner and luncheon in their honor.

Mrs. S. H. Cragg and son and Miss Cragg of Brooklyn, N.Y., have returned from the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, and are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg of Homewood avenue.

Mr. H. S. Strathy, general manager of the Traders' Bank, has returned from his summer outing.

Mrs. Hoskyn of Westwood Park, Southampton, England, is in town, and is the guest of her father, Mr. Corsan of Orford street.

Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh gave a very pleasant afternoon tea at her residence, Grove avenue, on Friday afternoon. Among the guests were: Mrs. Mumford of Montreal (who is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Featherstonhaugh), Mrs. Ambery, Mrs. Daw, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mrs. E. A. Thomson, Mrs. Harry Strickland, Mrs. E. Newton-May, Mrs. Harold Van de Linde, the Misses Milligan, Miss Nicholl, and others.

Mrs. Bob Morris of Petrolia has been spending a few days with her brother-in-law, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine.

Dr. John L. Davison of Charles street will return home to-day after an absence of three months abroad. The doctor's many friends will be pleased to learn that his health has been completely restored.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Of the annual tournament held during the past ten years by the Niagara International Tennis Association, not one can approach or in any way compare with the one of '94. In other years the enthusiastic spectators have loudly applauded the play and proudly pronounced it splendid and far away superior to any witnessed during the preceding tournaments, but compared with the matches played at the Queen's Royal last week and Monday of this, the tennis of other occasions has been almost like this year's veterans and novices. Both were remarkably good and justly won their fair share of appreciation and interest, but never before in Canada has better tennis been seen than in the matches played last week by Mr. Malcolm Chace, intercollegiate champion, of Providence, R.I.; the Canadian champion, Mr. R. W. P. Mathews; Mr. H. E. Avery of Detroit, ex-Canadian champion; Mr. A. E. Foote of Yale, intercollegiate double champion and champion of New England; Master Fritz Ward, the boy marvel, of Rochester; Mr. R. N. Wilson of Buffalo, Miss Newman of Detroit, Mrs. Whitehead of Brantford, Miss Hollister of Buffalo, and Miss Osborne of Sutton, present lady champion of Canada. All the others who entered proved themselves thoroughly masters of the game, but around these in particular the interest of the tournament centered, and in the matches in which they played some phenomenally good and brilliant games were witnessed. Mr. Chace carried everything before him, winning games, sets, matches, the hearts of the people, the prizes, and everything else he tried for, including the singles, or all-comers, from Foote, in two sets, 6-0, 6-1; the men's doubles, with Foote against Avery and Mathews, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1; the mixed doubles, with Miss Hollister of Buffalo against Miss Osborne and Mathews, two sets to one; and finally, in the most exciting match of all, the Queen's Royal challenge cup from Fritz Ward, who last year won it from A. F. Fuller of Boston. This match was played off on Saturday afternoon, between five and six hundred people from all our surrounding cities being present. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. A special car brought a large party of Ward's friends from Rochester, who were conspicuous everywhere over the lawn by their streamers and hat-bands of orange and blue, while close to the net on one side of the court floated a flag of the same colors, with an old rusty horse-shoe tacked to it for luck. All these demonstrations, however, failed to bring victory to Ward, who lost in spite of a splendidly plucky fight, which brought out Chace's strongest and best play, the match, after nearly two hours' hard work, going 6-3, 6-1, 8-6. Ward netted a good many of his balls, and although he played beautifully, winning round after round of applause, he hardly seemed up to his best, while Chace never played better. No ball, however well placed, seemed out of his reach, and his long drives and smashes from the net scored him point after point. Next in interest to this was the ladies' singles between Miss Osborne and Mrs. Whitehead, the latter giving the little champion all she could do to win the match at 6-6, 6-4. In the mixed doubles, which was crowded into Monday morning, and which proved one of the best, in the opinion of many, the best match of the tournament, Miss Hollister of Buffalo and Chace, met Miss Osborne and Mathews. Play began at the early hour of nine, to enable Miss Osborne to get away by the eleven o'clock boat, but in spite of the hour a remarkably large number were present, preferring hurried toilets and unfinished breakfasts to the alternative of missing the most exciting and the closest game of the week. Nearly everyone was a deuce and vantage game over and over again, and it was impossible, until the last stroke was made, to conclude with even a degree of certainty whose match it would be. Surely no four were so evenly matched, every good stroke meeting an equally good one from the other side of the net. Mathews played grandly, taking ball after ball that seemed perfectly impossible ones to the onlookers, but Chace was equal to

anything, and after two hours' play the match fell to Miss Hollister and Chace, two sets to one, the score being 6-4, 10-8, 8-6.

In the veterans Dr. Sprague of Toronto defeated Capt. Wickson of Niagara, and Dr. Walker of Toronto, capturing as a prize a very handsome brandy decanter, with heavy silver stopper. The handicap was won by F. Anderson of Toronto, A. M. Pope coming second, the prizes being 1st, silver-backed brushes; 2nd, handsome silver-tipped cork-screw.

The number of entries for the novice event was comparatively small until a very handsome silver scent-bottle presented by Mrs. Langdon Wilks of Galt appeared among the display of prizes in the hall of the Queen's. The list immediately swelled in a remarkable manner, each hopeful novice entering with the almost forlorn hope that by some intervention of fate the coveted bottle might fall to her lot. In the preliminary rounds Miss Edith Howard evoked a great deal of laughter by her naive manner of playing. She and Miss Sawyer and Miss V. Hugel, however, were outplayed in the first rounds, as were Miss Maule and Miss M. Gaile in the semi-finals, leaving Miss Jessie Kingmill, a very young player but one who will astonish even her most hopeful friends before many more seasons, against Mrs. Sheldon Thompson of Buffalo, whose practiced hand finally outplayed her young opponent.

In the all-comers', Mr. Chace added to his already enormous collection of prizes an exceedingly handsome silver flask, Mr. Foote, second, carrying away a beer mug with raised letters in silver, "Fill what you will and drink what you fill," encircling it.

Mr. McMaster of Toronto captured the men's novice prize, a handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. Langdon Wilks.

Miss Osborne won the ladies' singles, a silver-backed hand mirror; Mrs. Whitehead, second, a pretty silver powder box.

In the mixed doubles, Miss Hollister won a silver card-receiver to keep in remembrance of her defeat of Canada's fair little champion. Mr. Chace very generously insisted upon his prize going to Miss Osborne, whom he and Miss Hollister defeated, thus adding to her list of prizes a pretty silver-backed brush. Mr. Chace and Mr. Foote also received a pair of brushes each in the men's doubles.

The prizes were presented on Saturday evening, before the opening of the ball, by Mrs. Angel and Mrs. Winnett. The ball-room was crowded, many having to see and hear as best they could from some distance in the dining-room, when Mr. Stewart Houston, to whom is mainly due the success of not only this, but the tournaments of other years held here, opened the proceedings with a very short speech, which met with deafening applause. The prizes were then presented, the prettiest feature of the evening being the reception by Mr. Chace of the challenge cup, which was decked for the occasion with the winner's colors, brown and white streamers and pink roses. By a happy suggestion of Mr. Houston's, who had left nothing undone which would add to the success of the whole affair, the cup was filled with sparkling champagne, and with a sunny smile and a bright word for everybody Mr. Chace proceeded to single out from the immense crowd present all those who had won anything—either defeat or victory—on the tennis courts of the Queen's during the tournament of 1894. And very willingly did everyone drink to the future success of the young champion.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Houston was proposed by Mr. Pratt, which was unanimously accorded, amid loud applause and the singing of He's a Jolly Good Fellow by everyone present.

Among the hundreds present at the tennis, the majority of whom were also at the concert and ball given during the week, were: Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Wilks, Miss Wilks, Judge and Mrs. Kingmill, Mr. and Mrs. F. Glackmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. Angel, Mrs. Philip Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Page, Miss Laura Ward, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Ward, Mrs. and Miss McCaul, Miss Strange, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Hutton, Mr. J. Geale Dickson, Miss Florence Dickson, Mr. Wylly Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingmill, the Misses Kingmill, Miss McBeth, Miss McKeand, the Misses Houston, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Syer, Mrs. Fred Carmichael, Mr. Moreton, Mrs. S. Naxon, Dr. Holford Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss E. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. T. Chisholm, the Misses Strathy, Capt. and Mrs. Dickson, Miss Morrison, Capt. and Mrs. Anderson, the Misses Ince, Miss Hugel, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. W. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Watts Lansing, Mr. and Miss Arnold, Lieut. Morrow, Capt. Brooks and party, Miss Armitage, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Foy, Miss Park, Miss Coglin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Watt, the Misses Paffard, Miss K. Lansing, Mr. Milloy, Mr. Davis, Mr. W. K. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Rounds, Mr. Coffy, Miss M. Geyer, Mrs. Morson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Rev. J. C. Garrett, Miss Hewgill, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. Bur-

If you are in the city during Exhibition time and your interest in House Decoration is sufficiently strong, it will repay you to visit the showrooms of Messrs. Elliott & Son, 92 to 96 Bay Street. Complete rooms in various styles are there to be seen, and you are able to form an idea as to how any hanging you may purchase will look on the wall. The range of qualities is sufficiently large to suit any purse, and no trashy stock (such as is being sold at present in quantities) is kept in the place. Not only do Elliott & Son sell Wall Paper, but they also execute Stained Glass of the highest excellence and Wood Flooring in the simplest and most elaborate designs. In fact nothing strictly belonging to the interior decoration is omitted from their lines. It will be a pleasure to them to have you call and look through the various departments.

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Miss Florence Dickson and Mrs. R. G. Dickson gave some charming little afternoon teas at Ichabod during tennis week. GALATEA.

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PROF. JOHN F. DAVIS,
The founder of the Davis School of Dancing in Toronto, is now organizing his classes for the coming season. His private dancing academy is on the north-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Mutual Street. During the past seven years Prof. Davis has been a member of the American School of Masters of Dancing and has attended school sessions in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Providence, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis; has also visited teachers in Boston, Buffalo and Detroit.

In June last he was unanimously elected to the office of President of the American School. He announces the "Variety," "Gavotte de Kalmers," and "Gavotte Lancers" as the most favored new dances of the season. The "Top-Step," however, will be the great favorite amongst the elite.

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Miss Lauretta Bowes (Elocutionist).
Miss Margaret Dunn (Elocutionist).
Miss Effie Elsie Hext (Entertainers).
Miss E. Pauline Johnson (Reciter).
Dr. Thomas O'Hagan.
Dr. F. A. Powis (Entertainers).
Owen A. Smully (Entertainers).
Miss Anne Louise White (Elocutionist).

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Amphion Quartette (Soprano, Guitar and Mandolin).
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Mrs. Caldwell (Soprano).
Mrs. D'Auria (Soprano).
Geo. Fox (Violoncello).
W. H. Hewlett (Pianist).
Harold Jarvis (Tenor).
Miss Kenrick (Pianist).
Marie Kimberley (Soprano).
Mrs. Martin Murphy (Soprano).
Mrs. McArthur (Soprano).
W. E. Raudie (Tenor).
Miss Ronan (Contralto).
Mrs. Selika (Soprano).
Jollette D'Erreux Smith (Soprano).
Geo. Smalley (Instrumental).
D. A. Tapp (Pianist and Soloist).
Toronto Ladies' Quartette.
Fred Warrington (Baritone).
Simeon Volosko (Baritone).
Herbert W. Webster (Baritone).
Miss Della E. Ziegler (Soprano).

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INCLUDING
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Social and Personal.

There was a delightful, as well as very successful, concert given at Beaumaris, Muskoka, on Thursday, August 16, in aid of St. John's church, when Sir John Thompson presided as chairman. Among those who kindly contributed to the programme were: Mrs. Jarvis, piano solo; Mrs. Tom McIntyre, song; Mr. Dowd, song; Messrs. Blair, violin-trio; Miss Weston, song; Mr. Prowse, reading; Mrs. MacIntyre, Mrs. Blair, duet; Mrs. Blair, song; Miss Vincent, piano solo; Miss Price, song; Rev. Dr. Walsh, reading; Mr. Millar, 'cello solo; accompanists, Mrs. Blair, Miss Vincent and Mr. MacIntyre. At the close there was great excitement over a cake which was contested for by Miss Grant of Canada and Miss Price of the United States. Canada, 257 votes; United States, 227 votes. Proceeds from concert and cake contest, \$57.33. Among those present were: Sir John and Lady Thompson and the Misses Thompson, Senator Sanford and ladies, Mr. Fearman and party, Mr. and Mrs. B. Young, Mrs. and Miss Simonds, Miss Mills, Mrs. R. Ferrie, Mr. Ferrie, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Baker, the Misses Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Patterson, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Munz, Mrs. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Willard, the Misses Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacIntyre, Mrs. (Judge) Chadwick, Dr. Hall, the Misses Hall, Miss M. Findlay, Miss Mercer, Miss Crawford and scores of others.

Among those recently registered at the Belvedere House, Parry Sound, were: Mr. Cayley and family, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Blakeley of Toronto; Mr. Robert H. Jeffrey of Hamilton, Mr. Edward Randall of Buffalo, N.Y., Mrs. Dixon of Guelph, Miss Nellie Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowndes of Toronto, Mr. A. Bisset Thom of Galt, Mr. John B. Laidlaw of Toronto, Mr. Mayfield of Dallas, Texas, U.S., Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moffat of Pembroke, Mr. Russell Snow of Toronto.

The past week has been an unusually gay one on the island, luncheons, teas and bon-fire parties being in order. The Elmsmere House gave a large bon-fire on Saturday night; Mrs. Lugadin and Mrs. Brown gave one on Monday night; Wednesday, Mrs. Dyas of Pine Lodge gave a very pretty luncheon at which she was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. McLean, who has just returned from her wedding tour in Europe. Among those present were: Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Norrie, Mrs. Will Brown, Miss Hossie, Miss Reba Hossie, Misses Sadie, Katie and Jennie Byrne, Mrs. Charlie Lugadin and Miss Edna McNaught.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien are the guests of Sir William and Lady Van Horne at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. Mr. O'Brien has

Further Shipments Opened Out this Week

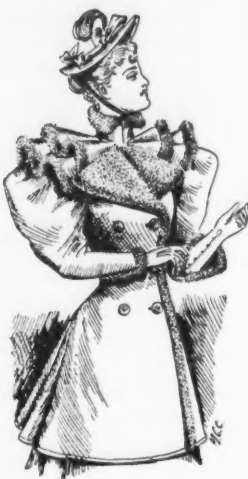
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spent the past two months painting the grand and varied scenery of the Island of Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy. From St. Andrew's he proposes to go to Nova Scotia and to spend the rest of the season in studying the life of the fishing folk in its most primitive aspect on Brier Island, an islet which juts out into the Atlantic at the south-west corner of that province.

Mrs. S. A. Dixon, who has been for the past few weeks the guest of her sister, Mrs. Bridge-land of Lowther avenue, returned on Wednesday to her home in Evansville, Ind., accompanied by her niece, Miss A. R. Walker.

Mr. H. Wallace of Minneapolis is visiting his brother, Mr. W. L. Wallace of 110 Yonge street.

Mr. H. W. Smallpeice of the Port Hope Inspector's Department and Mrs. Smallpeice are on a visit to the Eastern States.

The engagement of Miss McDougall, daughter of His Honor Judge McDougall, and Dr. Young of Souris, Manitoba, has been announced.

Mrs. James Hartney of Major street and Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay F. Millar of Brunswick avenue are sojourning at Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

On Wednesday evening of last week the parlors of the Long Branch Hotel were the scene of a most enjoyable impromptu musicale, due to the hospitality of Mrs. Wilkie. Miss Bingham, soprano, of Barrie; Miss Ronan, contralto soloist of Carlton street choir; Mr.

Herbert J. Strong, baritone of Sherbourne street choir, and Mr. Malcolm W. Sparrow, Toronto's popular tenor, delighted a select audience of invited friends with a number of songs of a classic nature. Miss Smily, sister of the elocutionist, presided at the piano, and Mr. Smily, brother of the elocutionist, gave several selections upon the violin. A duet by Miss Ronan and Mr. Sparrow was, perhaps, one of the most interesting selections of the evening, and it contained a considerable amount of fun and revealed a talent for acting which these singers are perhaps not aware they possess. After the musicale refreshments were served and the evening closed with dancing.

The last hop of the season took place at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, on Saturday evening last, no efforts having been spared on the part of the guests in order to make it a success. During the evening a most recherche supper was served in the dining-hall.

Messrs. M. Wilson and J. B. Rankin of Chatham attended the opening of the Industrial Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh have returned to the city after an extended European trip from Norway to Rome.

On Monday, August 27, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Jenner of 24 Sheridan avenue celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. Fun was the order of the evening. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Bannerman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Skelly, Mr. and Mrs. W.

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Mr. H. E. Smallpeice and family of Avenue road have returned to town from their summer residence on the Eastern Island.

Mr. Frank McConnell has returned from his sojourn at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe.

The Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, closed to-day after one of the most successful seasons in its history.

An Entertainment Bureau.

A much needed revolution has taken place in the line of concerts and entertainments. A new and thorough enterprise has been established under the name of the Canada Entertainment Bureau, with an efficient management and an experienced staff of representatives. The doing away with individual managers and their self-constituted "celebrities," and the supplement of a reliable source is an advance that cannot but be recognized and appreciated. A glance at the list of artists who have deemed it advisable to place the management of their professional affairs under the Bureau, must be regarded as sufficient proof to the merits of the enterprise. In the person of Mr. Finlay Spencer, ex-principal of the Hamilton Business College the management has secured a thorough and reliable representative, and the headquarters of the bureau in the Confederation Life Buildings, are already assuming a most business-like appearance. We predict every success.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

HOLMES—Clinton, Sept. 5, wife of E. F. Holmes of the New York, a son.
DOWDALL—Alameda, Sept. 4, Mrs. Dowdall, a daughter.
JARRIS—Mackinac, Sept. 2, Mrs. Harold Jarvis, a son.
GRIFFITH—Hamilton, Sept. 2, Mrs. J. B. Griffith, a son.
KEHR—Sept. 2, Mrs. Peter Kehr, a son.
REIK—Sept. 2, Mrs. F. Kalk, a son.
RAB—Bathurst, Sept. 2, Mrs. C. R. Rab, a daughter, still born.
STODART—Sept. 2, Mrs. Wm. Stodart, a son.
ELLIOTT—Sept. 2, Mrs. Ephraim E. Holt, a son.
MORTON—Dorby, E. C., Mrs. C. E. Morton, a daughter.
GEE—Macleod, Aug. 30, Mrs. W. H. Gee, a son.
MCMALE—Aug. 30, Mrs. James McAule, a daughter.

Marriages.

BARRON—MALLON—At St. Helen's Church, Brockton, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., assisted by Rev. James O'Leary, William Barron, of the Toronto Incandescent Light Co., to Nellie, eldest daughter of Mr. John Mallon, J. P.
HICKS—FIDELL—Aug. 25, Charles S. Hicks to Elizabeth Fiddell.
PENN—MARSH—Aug. 25, Ernest Penn to Victoria Marsh.
SPENCER—ALEXANDER—Aug. 9, Edward McCready Spencer to Blanche Mary Alexander.
WINSTANLEY—PATERSON—Aug. 25, Frederick Winstanley to Emmeline Paterson.

MILLS—PHILLIPS—Aug. 31, Frederick Arthur Mills to Cecile Sadie Phillips.
KERR—CARSWELL—Aug. 22, William K. Kerr to Barbara Carswell.
WIER—SMITH—Sept. 5, Dr. T. P. Wier to Alice Maud Smith.
WATSON—ELLERBY—Sept. 4, Rev. T. A. Watson to Annie Ellerby.
GRAHAM—GARR—Sept. 5, Robert Graham to Lillian Garr.

Deaths.

McLAUGHLIN—Sept. 5, John McLaughlin, aged 87.
HARRIS—Sept. 2, Anna Harris, aged 75.
CAMERON—Sept. 5, James M. Cameron, aged 58.
GREGORY—Sept. 4, Edward Arnold Gregory, aged 25.
GREER—Sept. 5, George M. Greer.
LITTLE—Sept. 1, Francis W. Little, aged 50.
FAWCETT—Sept. 1, Sarah M. Fawcett, aged 64.
McGILL—Sept. 3, Adelaide McGill.
McKEE—Barrie, Sept. 2, Rev. W. McKee, B.A.
ROBERTS—Sept. 3, Albert T. M. Roberts, aged 69.
SMITH—Owen Sound, Aug. 30, Capt. W. H. Smith.
RIDOUT—Sept. 1, John Ridout, aged 88.
McDONALD—Sept. 3, Louisa Marks McDonald.
TAYLOR—Sept. 2, Janet Taylor, aged 65.
ARMSTRONG—Sept. 3, Endora Armstrong, an infant.
JONES—Sept. 1, Mary Euphemia Jones, aged 25.
DALLAS—Hamilton, Sept. 5, Eliza Dallas, aged 79.
HARRIS—New York, Aug. 31, Thomas M. Harris, aged 32.
MOLSON—Montreal, Aug. 30, Capt. J. D. Molson.
WHITE—Sept. 2, Mrs. White of Colborne, aged 82.
SPENCE—Aug. 29, Jacob D. Spence, aged 40.

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